

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 7, No. 39 {The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.) Proprietors,
Office—No. 9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1894.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. } Whole No. 351

Around Town.

There are three persons whom any newspaper man would like to interview on labor and social questions. One is Adam, our common father; another is Darwin's baboon ancestor, and the third, any one of the intelligent Indian chiefs who warred and triumphed through North America four or five hundred years ago. We talk about the morning glow of the twentieth century, but if these three gentlemen—apologizing to the men and the baboon for applying to them this empty classification—could be brought here in their primitive states we could not in an hundred years of education instill into them a belief that man had improved since the day of savagery, the day of baboonery, the day of Edens simplicity and of wanderings in the wide valleys and plains outside the gates of the God made garden. Adam would say, as he looked about him, that the curse had widened as the race had broadened and that the woes had trebled as the joys had doubled. The baboon would gaze in angry disapproval upon its degenerated posterity, and looking in vain for the magnificent jungles and forests of his time would shin up a telegraph pole and screech his command for you and me, his grandchildren, to follow him. But he would find that the last instinct of primeval freedom had long since died in the race he had sired, and, if he pursued his study of us, he would learn that we can't even crack a hazel-nut without a patent silver-plated appliance, for which we insanely pay the price of several cocoanuts. Possessed no longer of tails, he would reason that it was shame that caused us to wipe out the forests in whose joyous branches we could no longer swing as in our primary perfection, somewhat before his day, we were able to do. Tall, teeth and hair gone, forests wiped out, the whole face of nature transformed and artificial makeshifts created to take the place of those natural supplies of food and shelter of which the earth has been despoiled, would he not have ground for reasoning that our evolution was one of loss, one of subtraction rather than of addition, and that in time we would evolve into helpless balls of flesh, mounted upon electrical wheels and runners and kept alive by means, from the present point of view, artificial? There may indeed come a time when scientists will wrangle over the doubt as to whether humanity ever possessed natural teeth, the matter having become as debatable as our alleged loss of tails now is, for even to day teeth are no longer grinders but are merely the adjuncts of smiles and weapons of social conquest. Meeting the great original baboon in the midst of the city, what man among us could look him in the face?

Adam could not take such a high tone with us. We know something about him, and if we should meet we have a crow to pick with him. But granting just for a moment that Darwin is right—not that we believe it—how could we give an account of our stewardship to that baboon? How could we prove to that North American Indian of five hundred years ago that he was a low savage and that we are wise and civilized, ennobled by revelations from the Great Spirit? We could not convince either of these, our accusers, that we are wiser than they in living cooped up in cell-like houses and offices. We could not tell the baboon that it is better to buy nuts that have lain rotting for years in stuffy stores than to shake them ripe from the trees. Nor could we tell the Indian that it is better, armed with avarice and deceit and pitiless contempt of consequences, to pursue money through crime and disaster and crooked ways, than to pursue wild game through the boundless forests, armed with arrows and rude axes. We could not justify to either of our critics our act in converting the tree-fringed, singing river which they bequeathed to us, into a lazy, stinking sewer that lies rotting under a sun whose rays are no longer intercepted by foliage. We could not offer any acceptable excuse to them for having discovered lungs in our bodies and inventing a dozen fatal ailments connected with them. The moulder, begrimed and black and bent of figure, toiling the day long his life through without the rewards that savagery gave to its laziest idler beneath the groves; the seamstress sewing night and day; the strong man hunting work that he may live, and pushed back into starvation by an unseen opposition as strong, watchful and unanimous as a band of ten thousand foemen around a tent in the desert—what could we say in justification of such things to accusers unacquainted with the causes that have brought us to this stage?

As our common life is at present constituted the so called vanities and extravagances of the well-to-do and the rich are the rescuing agencies that create labor and save the poor from extermination. The wonder is not that men amass wealth when they can, the point of view being what it is, but that families will for generations peaceably accept a lot that offers no rewards, a career of unremitting, killing toll, passed on from father to son, when their allotment of station is the outcome of human arrangements and not binding upon the conscience. That vast improvements in the direction of equality could be made is true; that they will ever be made is unlikely. Those having the best of the bargains are compact and intelligent; those having the worst of it are disorganized and unintelligent for the most part, with nothing in their lives to increase their ratio of foresight. They always seem

doomed to trip each other up and fight interlocked upon the ground. Now and then one manages to shake loose and mount up, but it is not to wage war in his old cause, but to recruit the enemy. It seems destined that there must always be a lower tier of humanity, not less worthy in the sight of heaven and not less worthy in human fact, but handicapped forever to the oars and made to pull the ship while confined in the dreary hold, deprived of the fine air, life, and love, and glory of the deck overhead.

Whether even the rich man at the end of his days can declare that he was better off or lived more to his own advantage than if he had been an Indian chief of renown or a baboon of high degree, remains an open question. His final opinion being thus in doubt, and knowing how an Indian chief or a baboon would view the matter, it looks as though

convinced that every province of Canada is doing very well indeed this year. There is no source of revenue important to any class of the people in any province which can be considered below the average. In British Columbia the salmon catch was magnificent and the change in the United States tariff will make the coal mining industry much more profitable than ever before, and the lumbering business there and in the North-West Territories must also be improved by the change. The wheat crop in the prairie is up to the average, and there has been no suspicion of frost so far. In Ontario, cheese and everything exportable has been realized upon better than ordinarily. In New Brunswick the average has been maintained and in Nova Scotia the catch of fish has been fair; the hay crop in the valley of the Bay of Fundy is nearly four tons to the acre; in Prince Edward Island also they have had a good yield of their staples, and there is no reason why Canada should not consider

While it affords every Canadian who travels an immense amount of pleasure to see the lakes, rivers, bays, gulfs and streams of Canada thronged by tourists, it cannot but strike a Torontonian with grief to see how this, the most charming city of the whole country, a place with the finest climate and in the center of the greatest number of attractions, is being disregarded. People will not come here and remain for more than a day or two because our blue laws are so notorious and our Sunday arrangements so exasperating. Thus Toronto is avoided as if we had but little to offer, though as a matter of fact we have the most attractive place in the whole Dominion, and I would not be afraid to assert that there is no summer place with such a charming climate in all America, yet while every place in Eastern Canada has been thronged to overflowing the Queen's Hotel and the Rossin House, sufficient to entertain the guests of thirty years ago, are still quite sufficient to

tions is sufficient to hope for in this great city and the great lake country of which it is the center. Of course if we are suited with the notoriety we have of being "too good to be on earth" and if this is our greatest attraction, we can pursue our present policy, quite satisfied with the lemonade we sell and the curl papers that are left with us. If we desire to be in "it" with the great routes over which tourists are going while merely glancing at Toronto while passing, we must make some effort to attract people and to keep them here for weeks instead of hours. Take, for instance, Truro, N. S.; they have a park that naturally is not as attractive as our Rosedale ravines, but public-spirited citizens have taken time and spent money in fitting up their little valley with walks and drives, with arbors and cascades, until we are simply distanced. The amount of money spent has been small, but the results have been enormously attractive. Every dollar has been expended to good advantage. With us the whole difficulty seems to have been the lawsuits which individuals have brought in order to seize an undue percentage of the amount presented to the public. After visiting every principal place in Canada I am constrained to the belief that Toronto, beautiful as it is, after all is the city where the people individually make the fewest sacrifices for the beautifying of the public places and where they insist on the largest dividend if they give up anything to the community by adding to the city's attractiveness. Unless we, as a community, make some sacrifice to attract tourists we must drop into the third class, for the gardens and roads of some of the cities by the sea discount us to such an extent that in proportion to our size and opportunities we are not in the competition.

There is a popular idea that the Intercolonial Railroad is a misbegotten child of Confederation a ramshackle, ill managed affair that only needed to be seen to forever disabuse the popular mind of the idea of governmental management of a transportation system. The very opposite is the case. The Intercolonial is one of the best run railroads in America. The train service is good, the employees are obliging, well dressed and prompt in their attention to the public. The cities, towns and villages have a service vastly superior to that given by the Grand Trunk; the cars are cleaner; the time made on the roads is good; the service exact to a moment, and; everything is conducted with the same precision and comfort to the citizen which mark the postoffice and such other ramifications of the government system. These furnish us the object lessons that prove that there is no phase of the transportation system or the system of communication between towns and cities that cannot profitably and properly be conducted by the Dominion rather than by private corporations. The heavy charges for building iron bridges, switches, stations, etc., have been paid from year to year rather than heaped up in capital account, and from this time on we have a right to hope that the Intercolonial will be at least self-sustaining, while after the fast Atlantic service touches Halifax the road will be still more profitable.

In what I have written about the greater success of other localities in attracting tourists, I should not be suspected for a moment of endeavoring to disparage Toronto. Its superior attractiveness, the generous hospitality of its people and the loveliness of its residential streets and homes are recognized everywhere. It is because I like it so well that I always feel angry when I hear fun poked at it or see the tourists that we should have disporting themselves elsewhere. Everywhere it is admitted that Toronto has the prettiest women and children of any city in the world. Those who see our schools being dismissed are delighted at the bright, fresh, youthful faces, the healthiness of the children and the taste and neatness shown in dressing the youngsters. Whether we may thank Inspector Hughes and his excellent staff of teachers or the parents of the children is unimportant, but the fact remains that in no other city that I have ever seen is such cleanliness shown in the simple gowns of the children, nowhere are their shoes blackened so nicely or their hands kept so clean and their hair as nicely dressed. The visitors to Toronto notice these things and the grown-up children, the women of the city, all show the same tidiness and brightness. Yet with all these attractions—and there is no greater attraction than pretty faces, pretty homes, pretty streets, a lovely bay and a country that is teeming with attractions for people who want to spend a happy summer—we get the worst of it. Now, let Toronto people simply sit down and reason this out. It needs no argument nor unpretty talk; sensible people can settle the question for themselves.

One thing Canadians should always remember, and that is that they should spend their money at home. If they want salt air and seaside resorts let them go to their own coasts—they are far superior to Old Orchard Beach and Portland, and the places that have a certain fashionable reputation—keep our dollars at home and assist our American cousins in popularizing our own coasts. It only needs the co-operation of Canadians to make the watering places of Canada popular. The people from the American neighborhoods that Canadians frequent, leave home and summer on our coasts. The prices charged at Canadian seaside resorts are very much less than half that are paid on the Yankee coasts;



INTRUDERS.

civilized man had the worst of it.

It is interesting to speculate as to what John Jacob Astor would think were he to drop down upon his descendants about this year of grace. He would find the heirs of his wealth devoting their energies and his money to promoting ends that never secured aid from him. The great Waldorf Astor Hotel in New York would fall in a heap if he asserted ownership of it. The doors would shudder on their hinges if he even attempted to enter them as a guest. Willie Astor, too, has gone to London to live and runs a paper there as a luxurious amusement, the most English of English papers. And what would the late Jay think if he could see George Gould on board a yacht specially designed at great expense to run second all summer in an endless number of races to craft owned by the Prince of Wales! He surely did not expect that his son would find the glory of his life in losing money to royalty.

Some time ago I elected myself a visiting committee of one to perambulate the provinces and see how things were going, and I have just completed my annual tour of Canada. Notwithstanding the cry of hard times, I am

herself prosperous. In the last three weeks I have been wandering over the Maritime Provinces and the crop of tourists has been simply phenomenal. Boston, New York, and the Atlantic coast of the United States seem to have given up thousands of travelers who ordinarily spend their money and their holiday time in the United States. Hotels, steamers, parlor cars have been crowded beyond any parallel in history. St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, have simply been flooded with tourists and while the hotel accommodation is not what a Canadian would desire to see offered to visitors from abroad, yet they have been reasonably well entertained and hotels are being multiplied at a rate that really is surprising. Yarmouth, N. S., which has one of the coolest and most equable climates in the world for a summering-place, and Sydney, Cape Breton, where every night is cool, have both added to their hotel accommodation in a way that should make Toronto feel as if it were being overlooked by tourists. The steamers, and the farmhouses, and the boarding-houses, and all the agencies that could contribute to the comfort of strangers have opened wide their doors and a summer of unusual activity and prosperity is the result.

entertain the guests of to-day. Other cities are building grand hotels. The Windsor, in Montreal, is attracting visitors from all over the continent: the Chateau Frontenac is making Quebec an attractive point, yet Toronto worries along with its old hotels and finds no inconvenience in taking care of everybody who comes. A believer in the attractions of this city, one loving the town and its people, may be pardoned for wondering why the mistaken policy which has made Toronto the laughing-stock of the North American continent should still be pursued, while we have every attraction and the other cities lacking in our beautiful climate and our splendid people manage to have a thousand tourists where we have but ten.

Of course Prince Edward Island and the cities on the sea have the attraction of salt air, but we have attractions ten thousand-fold greater than they. We have the waters of the great lakes, the rarefied climate of Muskoka district, the hunting and fishing and the accessibility to the great centers of population, yet we get nobody, comparatively speaking, and the East gets everybody. We should pause and examine our policy and find out whether being the center of church conven-

the attractions are greater, the climate better. This is proved by the vast number of people who come from the United States to summer with us. It does not look pretty to be narrow and small in our calculations, yet let us accept the judgment of our American cousins that Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton are more attractive than Maine, and spend our money in our own country, on our own railroads and our own steamers.

I have not been slow to express my admiration of the clever editorial management of the *Globe*. A newspaper writer who watched a journal in which he has no right to insert a finger, and yet admires the adroitness of those in charge of the affair, is perhaps best able to judge when a great big skip is made. It is at once apparent when the clever head sacrifices its own judgment to the party demand. I know the *Globe* management well enough and admire it sufficiently to be a reasonably fair judge of how their editorial policy is arranged. It was a very great mistake to attack the Intercolonial Conference, insomuch as every young Canadian has an idea that there is great future for the English-speaking people, not only as an advisory body, but as the real councillors of an empire which has within itself the possibilities of controlling the peace and prosperity of the world. The British-speaking people are to-day the arbiters of the position. No matter how other countries may combat the idea, Britain can enforce the claim that the world was born to trade in English-speaking ports, and they must accept this doctrine or be wiped from the category of all civilized people. The force behind the great British impulse is commercial, and that we propose to keep this impulse alive is of importance to every British citizen, every British merchant, every Britisher who has the impulse of his country in him, and it is as wide as the English-speaking people without regard to whether they live under the British flag or not. Everywhere is this and nowhere can it die. We love the flag because it is historic and grand. Outside of it all is the Anglo-Saxon impulse to control, manipulate and extend the grand British idea as the central force of the world, and Canada next to the Mother Country is exercising the greatest influence in controlling and manipulating all those lands which admit British sovereignty and form a part of the empire.

The Hon. C. M. Loring of Minneapolis paid Toronto a visit last week, staying with Mr. H. K. S. Hemming, 6 Sultan street. Mr. Loring is one of the foremost citizens of the great Western Prairie city and has for years been the president of the famous board of park commissioners, who have set such an admirable example to the other cities of this continent in their enterprise in instituting and beautifying their city with parks, of which Minneapolis has no less than forty-three, covering an area of one hundred and sixty acres. Mr. Loring's love of nature is his great strong point and he took a great deal of pleasure in viewing Toronto's parks and surroundings, High Park coming in for a large measure of praise. Mr. Loring is also a man of affairs, being president of the North American Telegraph Co., vice-president of the Consolidated Milling Co., one of the largest combinations of flour mills in the world) and director of the Soo Line. When, therefore, he stated that Toronto from a business standpoint had a more healthy appearance than any American city he knew of, there is every reason for our citizens to feel gratified.

Miss M. Jameson of New York, who has been the guest of Miss Johnstone, Bellevue avenue, during the summer, returned home on Tuesday, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Jameson and their daughter, Mrs. W. Garner Bee, who have been on a visit to their eldest daughter, Mrs. S. K. Henderson of Deseronto.

Mr. Phil Cummins is spending a two weeks' sojourn at Saratoga.

Mr. J. T. Loftus has returned from a visit to friends in Barrie and vicinity.

Mr. Phil McCabe spent a short time exploring the beautiful lakes of Muskoka. He has improved very much in health.

Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Buchan of Parkdale are at Windermere.

Mr. and Mrs. James and the Misses James are still at their country residence, Northcote, Woodstock. This charming spot combines all the comforts of the city with the rest and retirement of country life, and reminds one of the cosy homes in the prettiest English counties, while the kind host and hostess thoroughly carry out the traditions of old world hospitality.

Sunniesholme, one of the sweetly pretty homes of the east side, is closed for the summer, while Mr. and Mrs. Warwick and family are journeying on the west coast. They have enjoyed the scenery along the C. P. R. greatly, and are now in California. Even with its closed blinds and quiet lawn, Sunniesholme is pretty, for it is cared for in perfection during the absence of its owners.

Captain Hendrie was in town this week, the guest of Major Hay.

I hear that Miss Helen Beardmore will return from Europe with Mrs. John Cawthra in a fortnight.

Mrs. George Dunstan and family have been holidaying for some time at Cacouna and are now home again.

Messrs. Charley and Arthur Chambers, sons of Park Commissioner Chambers, returned on Wednesday after a three weeks' trip to Havlock. They were loaded down with fish and instead of telling their friends about the big ones they caught, they sent specimens all over Parkdale, and fish dinners were all the go in the flowery suburb Wednesday evening.

Miss D. D. Brydon of Danville, Va., has been visiting her old friend, Mrs. S. Wallace of Yonge street, and has gone north this week to Oaklands, Barrie, to spend two weeks with Mrs. Crawford.

Miss Gertrude Murphy, who has been visiting friends on Jarvis street, returned to-day to her home in Buffalo.

Messrs. N. B. Eagen and W. F. Hayes have left the city for a fortnight's fishing trip in the Blackstone and Crane lakes.

Mr. G. W. Yarker returned on Wednesday from a short visit to New York.

Miss Julia Jarvis is enjoying a delightful sojourn on the Continent. She is now visiting Mrs. Cameron in Paris. Mrs. Cameron has given her private establishment and has a suite of apartments at the Hotel Campbell near the Arc de Triomphe. Miss Hugel is with her.

Mr. Will Lamont is away on a holiday trip.

Mrs. Adelina Carlotta Dinelli, a celebrated young violinist of London, England, gold medalist of the London Academy of Music, has been the guest of Miss Farquharson of Port Hope. Miss Dinelli, who has many times appeared under royal auspices in England, made many friends there and charmed several select parties of friends by her enchanting music. Miss Dinelli is at present the guest of her talented brother, Signor Giuseppe Dinelli, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

It is said that there is a possibility of a complete change in the personnel of the little military group at the New Fort. This news will cause much regret among members of the smart set, who prize the hospitalities and society of the present officers in a very high degree. The popular colonel of the R. C. I. and his staff have been so long conned of Toronto society that it is difficult to imagine what a blank their absence will leave in social functions.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Gifford are on a short holiday among the various summer resorts.

Perfect swarms of American visitors and other tourists have been in Toronto during the past fortnight. I heard a clever New York lady saying nice things of our city; at a luncheon on Tuesday. She was particularly

delighted with the little window gardens on Yonge street. It shows how unobservant one is of home beauties, when one hears strangers praising and admiring some such feature as this and remarks it for the first time. The trees and the flowers of Toronto impressed our charming visitor, who grew quite enthusiastic over them.

Dr. and Mrs. Cameron and Miss Evelyn Cameron are to holiday at St. John, New Brunswick, and leave immediately for the far east.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat are at Cacouna for the holidays until next month.

Miss Ada Arthur, who has been away for a short visit in St. Catharines, returned home on Tuesday.

The Hon. C. M. Loring of Minneapolis paid Toronto a visit last week, staying with Mr. H. K. S. Hemming, 6 Sultan street. Mr. Loring is one of the foremost citizens of the great Western Prairie city and has for years been the president of the famous board of park commissioners, who have set such an admirable example to the other cities of this continent in their enterprise in instituting and beautifying their city with parks, of which Minneapolis has no less than forty-three, covering an area of one hundred and sixty acres. Mr. Loring's love of nature is his great strong point and he took a great deal of pleasure in viewing Toronto's parks and surroundings, High Park coming in for a large measure of praise. Mr. Loring is also a man of affairs, being president of the North American Telegraph Co., vice-president of the Consolidated Milling Co., one of the largest combinations of flour mills in the world) and director of the Soo Line. When, therefore, he stated that Toronto from a business standpoint had a more healthy appearance than any American city he knew of, there is every reason for our citizens to feel gratified.

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Miss Eastman is the guest of Miss Louise Sanders of Port Hope.

Dr. and Mrs. Huyck Garratt and baby are at the Sand Banks, Prince Edward county, where Mrs. Garratt will remain for some weeks, Dr. Garratt returning to Toronto next week.

Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie and her daughter, of John street, are preparing for a trip abroad in October, and will probably remain away for a year or two.

Mr. Robert McCallum, 213 McCaul street, with his son and daughter have left for a trip to Montreal and Thousand Islands.

The Misses Burnham of Port Hope are spoken of by the papers of Old Orchard Beach, Me., as being the season's belles at this famous watering-place. The Old Orchard Beach correspondent to the Montreal Star says: "The Misses Burnham of Port Hope were conceded to have been the belles of the evening at the pink ball. Miss Burnham wore pale blue net with pink satin trimmings."

On Monday evening last Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Young, who are now at their summer home, Haledene, Muskoka, entertained the Exploration and Elastic Camping Association. With music and song the time passed, as it was wont in Muskoka, all too quickly. Among those present were: Messrs. Gouinlock, senior and junior, and Mr. Lovell, Professor and Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. J. D. Parker and Miss Botts, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dougan, Mr. and Mrs. Agnew.

That our young men take outings during the summer, regardless of complexion consequences, was noticeable at the MacDonnell-Lockhart nuptials on Tuesday. Such an assembly of bronzed and sunburnt young men is seldom seen at any society function. From the best man onward, the men bore *prima facie* evidence of their love of outdoor and aquatic pursuits, and were a healthy and handsome lot of fellows.

The visit of Sir John Thompson will unfortunately not be of sufficient length to admit of much being done in a social way. Browned by Muskoka sun and recuperated by outdoor exercise and sport, the sturdy Premier is looking finely. His arrival is expected on Monday and a civic luncheon is, I believe, a function arranged in his honor.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Kingston have returned home to 473 Church street after six or seven weeks' holidays in Belleville and vicinity. They spent most of their vacation at Redenville, a delightful little resort on the Bay of Quinte, between Trenton and Belleville in Prince Edward county.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Miss Helen Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Heaton of Montreal and Mrs. John Warrington of Belleville were a jolly group this month at the Grand Hotel, one of the sumptuous hosteries

of Paris. The Armstrongs left for Ireland on the eighth, and will afterwards pay a visit to Scotland. They have thoroughly enjoyed their transatlantic holiday.

Mrs. C. D. Warren and Miss Jessie Crean left on the Ss. Labrador of the Dominion Line for England on Saturday last. They will be absent for five or six months.

Corporal W. H. Cooper of the R. C. I., whose romantic marriage with Miss Cook last winter created a ripple of interest in society, signed his discharge last week and will, I am informed, take up the study of medicine in the Old Country.

The residents of Elsemere House, Center Island, had a very pleasant veranda party on Tuesday. The house was decorated profusely with Chinese lanterns, and from the lake presented a fairy-like appearance. The members of the bicycle club were in "full dress" costume, consisting of white trousers, white shirt, high collar, red tie, black coat and white plug hat. The ladies were dressed in becoming summer costumes, and looked pretty. Those on the veranda enjoyed the lovely breeze from the lake, while those in the parlor listened to the concert, which was conducted by Mr. Tripp. Shortly after nine o'clock the president of the bicycle club, Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet, took the chair and called upon the club members, who sang the national anthem. Then followed a song by Mr. Birchall, *Where Did You Get That Hat*, the men with the high hats joining in the chorus. Mr. McGuire and Miss Beach each sang a solo. Mr. H. P. Davies sang *My Bike Lies Over the Ocean*. Mr. French then gave three numbers, a mouth-organ solo, a whistling solo, *The Mocking Bird*, and a humorous imitation of snatches of what one hears on a busy street corner. Mr. Blackey recited *Banty Tim*, and was roundly applauded. Mrs. Birchall followed with a solo and was recalled. The club chorus sang *Jingle Bells*, and were followed by Mr. H. Wills, who recited *The Ambitious Pullet*. The club chorus followed with *Seeing Mollie Home*. The president here, on behalf of the Bicycle Club, presented Mr. G. H. Muntz with a beautiful gold pin in honor of his triumph in winning with his three colleagues the championship of America. Little Miss Aileen Birchall, on behalf of the ladies, presented Mr. Muntz with a beautiful bouquet. Mr. Muntz made a very happy acknowledgment. After refreshments Mr. Blackey, by special request, recited *I Ain't Got Nothin' to Say*. Mr. Tripp, by special request, kindly gave an instrumental solo, which earned a well deserved recall. A chorus by the club and *Auld Lang Syne* by all brought the concert to a close.

An entertainment in the shape of amateur theatricals will be given by the Victoria Dramatic Club in the Island Club House some time during the next fortnight.

The Wednesday dance of the Islanders at Center Island was a great success and perhaps the best of the season. A concert was given, at which Miss Amy Jaffray of Berlin sang very prettily.

On Civic Holiday Mrs. Preston and a number of friends gave a picnic in the Argonaut war canoe, Argo, to the Humble, where the party took tea. The paddle home in the silver light of the harvest moon was voted simply delicious.

Messrs. Canniff, Newton Kerr and Chewett have gone on a fishing tour up the north shore of the Georgian Bay.

Mr. Gerard Fitzgerald of St. Mary street has returned from a pleasant sojourn in Muskoka.

The trial heats of the I. A. A. are to be given this afternoon, and the finals next Saturday, weather permitting.

Mr. and Mrs. Cox entertained the Elsmere Bicycle Club last week in truly hospitable Island style. A very merry re-union was the result.

Mr. J. S. Pearce of Borden street, who is an enthusiastic disciple of Isaac Walton, is at present rustication at Trent Bridge, enjoying a well earned rest, and will no doubt return to town with a good sunburn and many choice "fish" stories.

Miss Morrison and Mrs. and Miss Webber of 90 Bond street have gone to Bala, Muskoka, for two weeks.

The members of the Granite Club are making ready for their grand garden party to be held on Saturday, September 8. The programme is to be as follows: A military band will play in the grounds, and arrangements have been made for a lawn tennis match and a bowling contest. The curling rink will be devoted to dancing, and refreshments will be served in the skating rink. Admission to the grounds will be by ticket, which can be obtained by members only. Mr. Frank D. Benjamin is honorary secretary of the committee and will receive lists of names and addresses from members, and send invitations accordingly. A very "swagger" function is sure to be held on this occasion.

The Toronto Athlete Tennis Club will give their lawn *sets* about the third week in September. They are now arranging for a tennis tournament to take place at the same time.

Major Knowles of Dundas was the guest of Mr. Delafosse at Hanlan's Point for a few days this week.

The members of the Granite Club are making ready for their grand garden party to be held on Saturday, September 8. The programme is to be as follows: A military band will play in the grounds, and arrangements have been made for a lawn tennis match and a bowling contest. The curling rink will be devoted to dancing, and refreshments will be served in the skating rink. Admission to the grounds will be by ticket, which can be obtained by members only. Mr. Frank D. Benjamin is honorary secretary of the committee and will receive lists of names and addresses from members, and send invitations accordingly. A very "swagger" function is sure to be held on this occasion.

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In the Open Air.

SATURDAY and Civic Holiday were crowded with sporting events of every kind. Monday especially saw every sporting man in Toronto with his coat off, pitching into his favorite pastime, and people all over Ontario were made to know that Civic Holiday was on in the Queen City. The biggest events were the bicycle races at Rosedale and the opening of the midsummer trotting meet at the Woodbine track. But no branch of summer sport was neglected. The attendance at the Woodbine was so large as to pleasantly surprise the management, as trotting, for various reasons, has of late years failed to draw the immense crowds of other days. There is no more fashionable and fascinating sport than trotting, and if a little more vim could be put into it and those vexatious delays between races discontinued, there would be a revival of the sport here. Seagren seems to have the recipe for breeding and training running horses so that the excitement and uncertainty have well-nigh departed from the Jockey Club events in May, but trotting is not peculiar to any stable and the races down at the Woodbine this week are uncertain enough for anybody. I would like to see trotting once more the popular sport it should be in Toronto. If horsemen will but resolutely discourage those who get up trotting meets without the ability to properly handle them, and if the reviving interest in trotting is nursed carefully and wisely, we may see something fine next year.

August 9 was a gala day in Muskoka, when the Port Sandfield regatta, concert and hop were held at the Prospect House. Seven hundred visitors were present from all points on the lakes. The event of the day was the sailing yacht race over a course of twelve miles. Seven yachts made an excellent start, the Syngamma, sailed by Mr. Frank Warren, taking and retaining the lead, followed closely all the way by Mr. H. B. Phillips' yacht Kyrie, with Mr. R. W. Millichamp at the tiller. The winner of this annual race must capture the Sandfield cup three consecutive times before it can be retained. The result of to-day's race gave the victory to the Syngamma for the second time. The Syngamma has this season been entirely refitted with new silk sails and hollow spars, while the mast has been moved a foot nearer the bow than formerly. This latter improvement gives her a much nicer setting in the water when the crew is on board, and her speed is thereby increased. The Kyrie is a finely designed boat, and in the hands of Millichamp closely contested first place with the Syngamma. Following is the list of events and winners:

1. Sailing yachts—Syngamma, 2, Kyrie.
2. Sailing canoe—Mr. F. cloth.
3. Double scull (gentlemen)—D. McDougall and B. Stevenson.
4. Double canoe (gentlemen)—D. McDougall and B. Stevenson.
5. Double scull (ladies)—Miss Craig and Miss Croft.
6. Double canoe (ady and gentleman)—Mr. and Mrs. Douglass.
7. Single scull (ladies)—Mrs. Chaffee.
8. Single scull (gentlemen)—Mr. J. C. Mason.
9. Double scull (boys under 16)—Jack and Archie Glasco.
10. Canoe upset—Mr. Ross Hayter.
11. Swimming race—Mr. Blackford.
12. Swimming race (boys under 15)—Master C. A. Boon.
13. Tub race—Master Dodeen.
14. Blufffold swimming race—C. A. Boon.

Mrs. F. J. Phillips distributed the prizes in the pavilion. The concert numbers in the evening were kindly contributed by popular artists of Toronto. Mrs. Juliette d'Ervieux Smith, Mrs. Clarke, Mr. W. E. Rundle, Miss Ronan, Dr. Glasco of Hamilton and Mr. Ramsden of Toronto assisted as accompanists. Nearly two hundred visitors remained for the dance.

Goldingham made 109 against Hamilton on Monday in a cricket match, which, from the score, seems to have been marked by good play throughout. Rykert with 24 was the only other man to do much for Toronto, although the total was boosted up to 215. Rykert has been batting well this year, getting into doubles almost, if not quite, every innings. His case would seem to show that a man's batting improves if he quits the game for a season or two. Laing only scored 6 before being bowled by McGivern, and Wadsworth was bowled by Fleet without scoring at all. These two men are certainly not batting in anything like their form of last year or the early part of the present season. Laing requires to score pretty soon or public confidence in him as one of the great cricketers will entirely disappear. Last week when referring to him in connection with the coming international game I felt like predicting that he would do something creditable at the bat in the Hamilton game, but refrained and thereby saved my reputation as a prophet. Wadsworth has been nipped out for next to nothing in all his recent games, and the likelihood is that he and Laing are neglecting practice altogether during these dog days. When a man is going to play lacrosse or football he trains for it. When he is going to play in a great match at either of these games he sets to work reducing his flesh, and hardening his sinews, and sharpening his sight, and tempering his courage, and when a man is likely to be given a place on the international cricket eleven he opens it to the game and to the country that he gets into condition. It is not asked of him that he shall train down like an oarsman or a lacrosse player does, but it is expected that he will get into form and have a true eye and hand. He is expected to keep at least in as good condition as when he attracted notice and became marked for honors. The fact that no superior man can be put in his place, even if he is not at his best, amounts to nothing. The man should be at his best. He owes this much to the game and to his beloved country. These few remarks are not out of place, I think.

The Hamilton eleven in the above game only made 124 runs, of which Jack Counsell, late of U. C. C., scored 30 and Fleet (pro), 27. D'Arcy Martin scored 14 and M. S. McCarthy 11. Alexia Martin, another international man, only made 5, being bowled by Laing. McGivern bowled well, but Goldingham's big innnings spoiled his analysis. Laing also trundled successfully for the Torontos. He shows a tendency to come back to his swift



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Everything that is done by anybody in cricket matters is regarded as a stealthy move in the great game of rivalry between the Toronto and Chatham clubs. No traces of any such rivalry can be discovered down here. If I improperly describe the estimation in which the Chatham players hold their own prowess and importance in the great scheme of creation, it is because I judge them all by the few who make a noise and by the remarks of the *Player's* sporting editor from time to time. As for belittling the cricket ability of the Chatham players, I have no desire to do it. As the *Player's* editor says, "the status of the club is officially rated it," "the status of the club is an official record and eloquently speaks for itself." The club would be better thought of if the aforesaid record were allowed to do a little more of the talking. The town can turn out an eleven that can put up a hard game against any team in the country, and had the Philadelphians gone there the game would no doubt have been a good one. Kenney is a first-class all-round man. Ireland, Kolage, Robertson, Atkinson and a couple of others are men of the first class, while a number of others are good players, so that there are not more than three clubs in Canada that rank ahead of the Chatham one. But a spirit of boastfulness, usually found only in baseball clubs, seems to possess the organization, and no praise short of adulation is acceptable.

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A Daughter of the Philistines

BY M. E. O. MALEN,

Author of "For Her Sake," "Only a Heathen," "The Stolen Will," "Two Countesses," "Naomi, the Gipsy," "The Shadow Hand," "Greville's Wife," &c.

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CHAPTER XII.

Stella could not be much in the sick-room the next morning, for her services were required in the kitchen. Kathleen and Nora arranged the table, after having swept and garnished generally. Mr. Chester arranged his easel and went for a walk, leaving them mistressess of the situation, and they profited by the silence with more audacity than usual, for they actually indulged blithe and undustered broom.

"And very nice it looks!" exclaimed Kathleen, turning presently to survey her work. "I only hope we won't guess."

"There's no fear of that," answered Nora confidently. "That is the best of men—they are all so blind."

"They always see what they are not wanted to see—according to my experience."

"Men aren't of no account, Jane says," returned Nora—imitating the girl's voice and accent. "They only want you for your savings."

"That is rather a depressing outlook for us, my dear—our faces being our fortune. And indeed if we had anything to save, I am not sure we should save it."

"I'll answer for it I shouldn't," returned Nora. "It must be so delightful to have heaps of money—I wouldn't acknowledge it to Violet or the other girls because I have been pitted; but I should like to be able to have everything I want and buy whatever I fancied. If only just for a little while to see what it felt like."

"You would get accustomed to it, my dear, and when you were accustomed you might find, perhaps, that you had sacrificed some other things better worth having after all."

"I darelly—only one would have lived," Nora sighed lugubriously—then laughed in almost the same breath.

"And I am living now, every bit of me," she added brightly. "I believe it is Violet's profound discontent that gets into the air somehow, and corrupts one."

She caught Kathleen round the waist as she spoke and waited her to the other end of the room, colliding with Hagar, who looked down from her easel in tragic disapproval. Nora turned her fingers in her hair, and then again—and with a look again like a whirlwind ending by "pas seul" round the dining-room table, after she had disposed of her panting partner on the couch.

"Now let us go and adorn ourselves for conquest," she said. "Only I must say I regret that toilet table, for we ought all three to be in white, with bunches of fresh flowers under our classical chins, oughtn't we?"

They looked into the kitchen on the way upstairs, where the savory fumes of the sirloin that had come off one of Bonwell's prime bullocks, greeted their olfactory nerves at once, dominating proudly over every other odor.

"Umph!" said Kathleen, with mild enthusiasm. "I should like to have roast beef every day."

"Especially roast beef that was not marked in the book," said Stella, gaily. "I shall enjoy this I know, and shall not have my digestion troubled afterwards by any speculations as to when it will be paid for."

"What have we got besides?" enquired Nora, lifting one of the sauceman lids, and retreating, in haste, before the cloud of steam that encircled her head.

"Potage Jullenne, chicken rissoles, rosbif a la quelqu'heure, macaroni au gratin, pate aux pommes, and creme a la Vanille."

"Magnificent!" cried the other two simultaneously. "We ought to have printed menu cards. Stella you are a great culinary artist, my dear." Kathleen went on, appreciatively. "I believe you could make appetising soup out of old shoe."

"I am not so clever as the wife of the Auvergnat," laughed Stella. "Her husband said the food was very good, but they sat too long too much room, as they tried a candle next time, and declared that was not bad, but it cost too much. My soup hasn't cost too much, but I won't tell you what I have put in it."

"No, don't," cried Kathleen. "I admire your candor as a rule, but it is a virtue that is out of its proper element in the kitchen. Let me eat and enjoy, untroubled by any foul suspicions!"

"Did you mean foul suspicions?" enquired Stella. "I have nothing worse on my conscience than the bones of the white pullet, and that might have saved its life by laying an egg, only it was too lazy."

"You were always unjust to that," returned Kathleen, with comical reproach. "I don't believe she meant to be obstinate. I always sympathised with her, because she was like myself a femme à surprise."

"I hope I have done her justice in her present form," said Stella. "But do go and dress, girls—I shall have to be a little late, I am afraid."

"All the better for us, as you are the hand-somest," returned Kathleen. "We shall have our innings before you appear."

"Nonsense! Mr. Daxie admires Nora the most," replied Stella.

"Which doesn't say much for his taste," put in Nora, with decision.

"If you don't go out, I shall turn you out," laughed Stella. "I can't attend to you and to my rissoles too."

They both made her a curtsey and ran off. Stella followed them presently to "tidy up," as she called it, and then returned to the kitchen just to give a few finishing touches, and furnish Jace with her last directions.

Kathleen and Nora came down with her, but turned into the sitting room, where they planted themselves at the window to watch for their guest's coming. Violet was already there, sitting on the couch, reading, and appeared to be too absorbed in her book to notice anything that was going on. Mr. Chester was smoking his pipe in the garden, and would receive Mr. Daxie there. At last the sound of carriage wheels was heard in the lane, and Kathleen craned her pretty neck to catch the first glimpse of the "Great Mogul," as she called him.

"Oh! Nora," she twittered, between two ripples of girlish laughter, "he has a white waistcoat and a big bouquet, and you should see how his face shines!"

"He must get his soap for nothing from the Trendell-Smythe's," she returned. "Jane will die with envy when she sees him—her Sunday polishing is nothing to that."

As the carriage stopped at the door Stella darted in, looking a little flushed from the fire, but extremely handsome, and Mr. Chester's voice was heard giving a cordial greeting to his guest. A minute later he ushered Mr. Daxie in, and introduced him, in due form, to his daughters and niece.

Dinner was ready, and Stella was glad they should sit down at once, for fear anything should be spoilt. Mr. Daxie sat between her and Kathleen, opposite Nora, whom he ogled rather demonstratively whilst he was eating his soup, but the first mouthful of rissole showed him that it was worth while to concentrate his attention on all conscience. I should as soon dare resist any decree of Stella's as I should dare fly."

"Cantankerous," came from amongst the pillows, frantically. "At least, she says so."

"If she says so it is right."

"I believe all you Chesters stick to each other like limpets to a rock."

"Of course we do—union strength."

You are strong enough in all conscience. I should as soon dare resist any decree of Stella's as I should dare fly."

"By Jove! Chester, you have an uncommon good cook!" and a little twinkle of fun in Stella's eyes communicated itself to her sisters and almost demonstrated itself publicly, when Mr. Chester answered, with that sublime unconsciousness of what went on under his very

eyes, which was one of his chief characteristics:

"Yes, Jane is a clever sort of a girl, for her cooking was very elementary when she first came to us. But I am very particular and that keeps her up to the mark. I don't mind how simple my food is, but it must be well cooked and well served."

"Quite right, too," responded Mr. Daxie with his mouth full of macaroni au gratin. "Your sentiments do you honor, sir."

So far the bouquet had not appeared upon the scene, and the girls opined that it had been left in the hall with Mr. Daxie's hat, but when they rose from the table Mr. Chester, who had received his instructions beforehand, proposed an adjournment to the garden as being cooler, and they passed out. Mr. Daxie returned suddenly to remember his roses, and presented them to Nora with an elaborate bow.

The girl's face of mingled shyness and amusement was thankful to turn her back and run upstairs to her invalid, who received her, as usual, after any long absence, with a reproach.

"I thought you had quite forsaken me, Stella. I am sure it is time I got well and went away, for you are evidently tired of me."

"I thought you were a reformed character, Captain Daxie, and did not mean to scold any more."

"I am not scolding—I am only remonstrating."

"Isn't that a distinction without a difference?"

"You are so hard upon me," he complained.

"I believe you have some mad downstairs whom you are anxious to get back to."

"Oh, no, Mr. Daxie is Nora's admirer," replied Stella, laughing heartily as she recalled the bouquet scene.

"Mr. Daxie," he repeated, in a tone of surprise which made Stella say—

"Do you know him, them?"

"I know his brandy. But you are not going away again, Stella?"

"I must just run down and make some coffee—no one understands exactly how papa likes it except myself; but when I have sent that into the garden I'll come back and read to you, if you like."

This promise of her speedy return consoled him, and she was allowed to depart without a single qualm—only the handsome, wistful eye followed her full of passion, as always, infinitely sorrowful—and turning at the door to bid him good-bye. Stella caught their expression, and felt a thrill of pleasure.

"My! how she is Violet-like!" she said coolly.

"She must find even this heat very bearable in comparison with that of the country you came from," she said, and to the utter surprise of the three sisters, Violet answered coolly.

"On the contrary, it is much worse—I came from Scotland."

"I thought you had been in India."

"When I was a little child—but one forgets things that happened long ago."

Her ladyship looked baffled for the moment, but after collecting her scattered forces, she returned valiantly to the charge.

"Don't you think you can always tell people's names by their faces, or an indescribable something about them. For instance, the moment I saw you I made up my mind you were a Violet."

"My name is Jane," she answered. "So I am afraid your ladyship's reasoning has a flaw in it somewhere."

"Certainly, I never thought of Jane," she said, and there came an odd expression of distress and indecision into her eyes. "You are exactly like a 'Violet' whom I heard of from a friend in India."

"Did you never see her, then, Lady Chisbury?"

"I saw her photograph."

"Is that all? Some people take so badly, you know. If you were to see my portraits you would think I was my own great grandmother."

"That is very bad for you."

"I don't mind—I never want to send my photographs away."

Lady Chisbury turned to Stella after this, and put her through her paces, as only an innocent, underbred woman can.

"I understand you have an invalid in the house. Where did you come from?"

"I have never asked him, Lady Chisbury. I did not think it was my business."

"It was Mr. Chester's business, at any rate."

"I have always thought myself that it was a most indecent thing of any girl to act as nurse to a young man."

Florence Nightingale acted as nurse to a great many young men, and no one thought it indecent of her.

"That was quite a different thing. This man may be an escaped convict."

Stella's eyes began to sparkle dangerously.

"I never thought of that—his hair is cut very short."

"They call that the Newgate something or other. I read about it in the Times."

"You will be all robbed and murdered in your beds."

"I have this safeguard, Lady Chisbury, there is nothing at the Chase to steal, and as to murder, what would be the use? It is better for his own sake that we should be allowed to live."

"There is no answering for such creatures! I would have him turned out of the house at once if I were Mr. Chester!"

"We should have to prove that he really was a convict first of all."

"I shouldn't attempt to prove anything, it is wasting valuable time," Lady Chisbury answered, with decision. "Just take the bull by the horns."

"There are some bulls that it is impossible to take by the horns."

"He is so violent as all that, and Mr. Chester does not send for the police," she exclaimed, with uplifted hands and eyes. "I am shocked to see how little people know their own business here I suppose."

"Undoubtedly," replied Stella, in such a significant tone, her ladyship only winced.

"It is difficult to give advice when you know all the circumstances of the case; impossible when you do not; and a liberty at all times

and then there will be three to one. But I was almost forgetting—you must come down at once, Stella, Lady Chisbury is here—and we want you to demolish her."

"Yes, demolish her by all means; grind her into the finest powder," cried out Captain Daxie viciously, "and come and tell me directly it is done."

"Why, do you know her then?" Kathleen asked.

"You are just like Stella," he answered, in an aggrieved tone. "You are always fancying you know people. Didn't you take the tone that she was a monster, and am I not bound to hate and annihilate anyone who is obnoxious to you?"

"But we Chesters never take things to heart like that, Captain Daxie. I assure you. We talk as if we could murder people, and in reality we haven't the heart to kill a fly. You would hear us abuse Lady Chisbury everyday if you were downstairs, and yet if she were in any trouble to-morrow we should all rush forward to assist her. You must not take us so much 'au grand serieux,' please, our bark is a great deal worse than our bite."

"I wish I dared tell you what I thought of you all."

"My dear sir, don't," exclaimed Kathleen, linking her arm in Stella's and carrying her off. "The very idea of it makes me feel faint."

The High and Mighty has condescended to descend, observed Stella, as she saw the carriage standing empty before the door. "I wish I knew why she had come—forewarned is forearmed."

"Never mind, I'll see you through it. Her ladyship has been accommodated with a seat on the bench," whispered Kathleen, as they approached the group, "and I don't wonder there is such a judicial look about her."

"Do be quiet, Kathie, or I shall disgrace myself."

They managed somehow to look very demure and pretty-behaved as they arrived in front of Lady Chisbury, who gave them a keenly critical glance, bowed in response to their bow, and then went on talking to Violet as if they were not there.

"You must find even this heat very bearable in comparison with that of the country you came from," she said, and to the utter surprise of the three sisters, Violet answered coolly.

"On the contrary, it is much worse—I came from Scotland."

"I thought you had been in India."

"When I was a little child—but one forgets things that happened long ago."

Her ladyship looked baffled for the moment, but after collecting her scattered forces, she returned valiantly to the charge.

"Drive on," called Lady Chisbury imperiously to her coachman, and without vouchsafing Stella another glance she disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"Salada"

CEYLON TEA

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You will then drink a perfectly PURE and CLEANLY prepared Tea. The most DELICIOUS as well as HEALTHFUL, and not the nerve-destroying stuff so often sold.

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acres of the finest land in the United States can be secured at reasonable figures and upon long time for deferred payments. Further information will be cheerfully furnished free of expense by addressing A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, 87 York street, Toronto, Ont.

"You never catch me talking through my hat," ostentatiously announced the girl in the second row from the orchestra, to her escort. "You leave that for the actors to do," murmured the sad man just behind her, almost inaudibly.

A Single Sentence.

A recent issue of the *Troy Budget*

An Anxious Time.

From Stories by G. A. Henty, author of *In the Days of the Mutiny*.

"No, I was not through the last Zulu war," a bearded man said, as he sat chatting with a dozen others in the smoking-room of one of the Castle Line steamers homeward bound. "I was managing a big farm for a man who had gone home for a few months, and so could not get away. If it had not been for that I should certainly have joined one of the corps of volunteer horse, for I owed the Zulus a grudge; they once gave me a very bad time of it—about as bad a time as I ever went through, and when it was over I left that part of the country altogether and went down south."

"Would you mind telling us about it?"

"No, I don't mind now, though for some time I was rather shy of telling that story, for it was not a pleasant business to recall; however, of course that feeling passed off long ago."

"I was up staying with a Boer some seven or eight miles from the Zulu frontier. As a rule, it is not very often that Englishmen stay with Boers now, but there was a better feeling in those days, and though I freely admit that Boers as a race are the least likable set of men in the world, there are some good fellows among them—men who have little of the narrow-mindedness of the race, and who are as hearty and genial companions when they once take a liking to a man as you may want to find. Piet Utet was just such a fellow. He had been down to Pietermaritzburg, and I had met him there and had been able to be of some service to him. In return he asked me if I ever came near his place, to pay him a visit. He stopped there long enough for me to come to the conclusion that the visit would be a pleasant one should I be able to make it. Well, a year and a half afterward I did go into that part of the country. There was a large tract of land there for sale, and I was asked by a firm at Durban to go up and inspect it, as they had been written to from England asking them to find a place of about that size for a man who was coming out with some capital from home."

"After I had gone over the farm I made inquiries and found that it was only fifteen miles' ride to Utet's house, so I rode over and had a most hearty welcome. Well, it seemed that some of his neighbors had been having a row with the Zulus. Some of their cattle had gone across the frontier: they said that they had been driven over by Zulus; anyhow they had gone. A party had gone after them, and had traced them to a place where there were lots of native cattle. The Zulus came up, there was a quarrel and a fight, and several Zulus were killed and one of the Boers. However, they beat the Zulus back, and drove off a whole lot of cattle. Piet had not been there. He was telling me about it, and saying that it was sure to lead to a lot of trouble. The Boers no longer regarded the Zulus with contempt, for the natives had late turned the tables upon them, and had taken to lifting the Boers' cattle. I asked Utet if he was not afraid. He laughed at the idea.

"I have nothing to do with the affair," he said. "Why should they attack me?" I pointed out to him that the Zulus might not know who were the men that had driven off their cattle, and that even if they did natives were never very particular in this respect. If they suffer at the hands of the white man or through the native of another tribe, they would kill him if they could, but if they could not, they would kill any other white man or men of the offending tribe in his stead. "I have always been on good terms with them," Piet said, "and have no fear."

"Four nights afterwards I was awakened just as daylight was breaking by a terrific yell and a thundering noise at the lower doors and windows. I guessed at once that it was the Zulus. There were four of Utet's men sleeping in the house, and for half an hour we kept them at bay. At the end of that time they burst in through several windows, after shattering the shutters to pieces, and in a minute we were all knocked down and tied hand and foot.

"The farm animals were collected and driven along, fire was applied to the house buildings, and we started for the frontier. We were thrown across horses until we crossed the river that forms the boundary, then our feet were unfastened, and we were made to walk in their midst, and after a tramp of two hours had mounted to a lofty plateau surrounded by almost perpendicular precipices. Four other bands of about the same strength as those who had attacked us came up one after the other, each with animals and prisoners, and we found that ten farms had been destroyed. The other bands had slaughtered all the inhabitants, except the Boer masters, and even of them two or three had fallen in the fight, so that in all there were but eleven prisoners, including the six taken at Utet's place. I learned afterward the order was, 'Fetch in the Boers from those farms,' and it had been differently understood by the different leaders.

"We were placed in a large hut, with our arms still tied behind us, and half a dozen Zulus on guard. The next day we were brought out; there was a big chief surrounded by a dozen other chiefs, and some five hundred of their soldiers. The chief made them a speech, and as I did not understand the language, I cannot tell you what it was about, but by his gestures, and a few Kaffir words that I knew, I could tell that he was giving it to them very hot.

"You are dogs; you exist only at the pleasure of our king. He has but to give the word, and we could sweep the land clear of you, and yet you venture to come into my country to steal our cattle, and to slay our young men." He then called up some men who had, I suppose, been engaged in the fight with the Boers. These pointed out five of the prisoners, all of whom had, it seemed, been engaged in the affair, and they were at once dragged off and buried over a precipice some fifty yards away. I will do them justice to say that they died like men, not one of them begging for mercy. The chief then turned to us. "You were not of the party, but you are all alike, all dogs, who ill treat the natives of your land. Not content with having stolen their country, you make slaves of them. You shoot them for the slightest offense, you value their lives less than those of cattle: you brutes!"

The story of Katherine Lauderdale is full of such needle-pricks. It bristles with unconfessable, unjust sayings, and even events have points and up, till it's just like carpet

"Utet then told him that I was an Englishman, and was only staying with him as a guest, and could not be held in any way responsible for the doings of his countrymen. 'One is as bad as another,' the chief said. 'We shall finish with you all some day, when the king gives the word.' Four days later Utet and I were taken out of the hut, our bonds cut, and we were marched away under a guard of twenty men. It was very hard work, for the Zulus march at an amazing pace. Utet, like most Boers, never walked a step when he could ride, and was soon completely knocked up. For a while they kept him going by prodding him with their assegais, but at last he fell, utterly incapable of going any further. Then they lashed his body to a pole and four of them took him on. I had thought at first that we were being taken to Ulundi, but we turned much more to the north, and I saw we were not being taken to the king. Up to then I had hoped that when we got there he would order us to be released, as he had one or two white men with him whom he placed confidence in.

A New Parrot Story.

You can't, with any sense of moral justification, call a parrot a bird. It's generally a beast of some sort, which screams like a child and bites like a badger. Some friends of mine have another variety of parrot, a highly moral temperance one, who is celebrated for demanding, in decidedly inebriated tones, "A glass o' wawtah." He adhered to this phase so persistently that the vicar conceived the idea of borrowing him for the bazaar at the annual Sunday school treat. The vicar thought that the example of so humble a bird in refusing to ask for alcoholic beverages would do much good among his parishioners. In the meantime he suggested that the parrot should be put out in the front garden, in order to convert some reprobate brickmakers who passed the house daily in going and returning from work. The very first day the bird was put out on the lawn, a drunken bricklayer leant up against the railings, and was so overcome by its request, that he conceived it to be his duty to re-educate the feathered temperance apostle, and proceeded to do so every evening with unvarying persistency.

On the day of the bazaar the parrot had a little tent all to himself, with a notice of his temperance qualifications on the outside, and an intimation that twopence a head would be charged for interviewing him and ascertaining his sentiments. "It is rather a startling innovation," the vicar said, "but I hope that the day will be a great success. By-the-way, dear! I can't give you more to-day. Send me your address again, for I destroyed the note on the train, fearing to mislay it, and neglected to note the address.

ZUTTA—Thank you very much for your kind note and many thanks also for the enclosure. They were handed to me just as I was leaving the city, so I couldn't acknowledge sooner. I think your pretty confection is beautifully worked.

The important day comes next month; the 10th, to be exact. I hope your accomplishments will be a great success. Bye-bye, dear! I can't give you more to-day. Send me your address again, for I destroyed the note on the train, fearing to mislay it, and neglected to note the address.

KARL—"Canada" comes from the exclamation of the discoverers, who, when they saw the desolation of the shore, exclaimed in despair, "A canada," which means "nothing there." I thought everyone could tell you that, one learns it in some child's geography. Your writing is exquisitely like that of a little foreign friend of mine. In fact I did not believe her incapable of playing tricks on me, I should say it was her. It shows refinement, imagination, love of beauty, excellent judgment, care, some artistic talents, bright and sensitive nature. Sure to be charming.

"18.—I don't know, my dear, I have had classes of boys and girls, and have been very fond of both. I think boys give one more trouble and better returns. Girls are generally too good to make it interesting. I think you are exceedingly funny to say most of you have gone to width. I can just see you. 2 Your writing shows strong individuality and a rather forcible mind. You are anxious to make a good impression not very emotional, extremely bright and vivacious, with strong sense of humor. You are not fully developed and years will doubtless change your writing considerably.

J. M. J.—I believe I answered your question at once, in regard to the face treatment. At all events I intended doing so and referring you to Mrs. Gertrude Graham's parlors on Avenue street, the address and particulars are in our advertising columns. Gentlemen as well as ladies are treated by the *masseuse* under this method. The complainant you are troubled with is a great nuisance and I trust you are now better. 2 Your writing shows much good temper, some ambition, a generally appreciative disposition, careful and cautious but frank in speech, you are of good judgment, clear and logical mind, sympathetic in nature, reasonably persevering, a person who would in-

The Income Tax in 1900.

Mrs. Brown—I won't submit to it, madam! You have purposely declared me exempt from the income tax in order to create an impression that I have no money. You know, yourself, it costs me ten thousand dollars a year to support my establishment!

Mrs. Jones (income tax official)—Madam, I have investigated your case thoroughly. You are spending money just to keep up appearances. Don't try to put on airs to me—I know all about you!—Puck.

At the Fine Art Exhibit.

Garbugli, the painter, was acting as guide to the beautiful Signora Armentini.

"Why," said the latter, "among these pictures I see none of your productions."

"That is impossible. Only the works of dead artists are exhibited here."

"No matter; I am sorry you don't figure among these."—Don Chisicote.

He—You are the one girl among a thousand. She—I didn't suppose there had been more than a dozen or so.

He—You are the one girl among a thousand. She—I didn't suppose there had been more than a dozen or so.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROPRIETORS.

VOL. VII] TORONTO, AUG. 18 1894. [No. 39

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Camera Competition.

Owing to the fact that a number of amateur photographers have been unable to send in the pictures they are preparing for the camera competition, we have decided to extend the time until the last day of August. This should enable many others to complete their pictures and have them in our hands in time. As we said last week, we will undertake to return any picture in good order if the owner so desires. On the opposite page we publish three of the pictures entered and will follow these with others next week.

Imogen and Desdemona.

I T may be that the women of fiction are only ideals, but we venture to say that there are quite as lovable women in real life as ever entered the heart of poet or conceivale. In the *Gentlemen's Magazine* London, June, Mr. H. Schultz Wilson writes *con amore* of The Women of Fiction. His paper is very long, so we select what he says of Imogen and Desdemona:

"As we think of them we are compassed by such a cloud of witnesses. They belong to all times and appear in all costumes. Their beauties vary. They are dark and fair; are tall (like Rosalind or Mignonette). They are gentle, soft, and tender, or brilliant, witty and vivacious. Their variety is infinite as their witchery is irresistible. We will call up the spirits of those only whom we can worship and can love. The women of fiction include Lady Macbeth, Goneril, Mrs. Mackenzies, Becky Sharps; but it is not to day our stint to speak of such women, even though they be, as they often are, as profoundly true to life as are the darling heroines of story and song. . . . How shall we, grappled for want of space, select from Shakespeare's heroines? They must come first. They are happily so many, and all so divine. If we must restrict ourselves to, say, two of them, let us select Imogen and Desdemona. God never made woman purer, tenderer, lovelier, than these two. Imogen is a royal lady, while Desdemona is the daughter of a patrician only; but each chooses nobly for herself, and, in defiance of parental authority, gives heart and hand to a lover who is her soul's free election. Their lots are different; poor Desdemona is pitifully done to death by the hand that she so loved; while Imogen forgives an erring husband—we forgive him only because she forgives him—and the curtain falls upon a prospect of supreme and regal wedded happiness. These dear, divine ladies resemble each other specially in the qualities of loftiest womanly purity and modesty. Imogen prayed her husband 'oft forbearance'; Desdemona asks in her chaste, wondering simplicity: 'Dost thou in conscience think—tell me, Emilia—that there be women do abuse their husbands in such gross kind?'

"And these sweet saints of wives are so nobly constant, so tenderly forgiving, and so true. It is the arch fiend's mock to slay Desdemona for a suspicion of faithlessness in a woman who could not be, nor even conceive being false. It took an Iago to bring about that tragic result; as it required the devilish arts of an Iachimo to induce the betrothed Posthumus to believe in the supposed sin of fair, royal Imogen. This princess was incapable of being, even in thought, foul or false; yet, both these peerless creatures are traduced and become the victims of their own transcendent virtue. Oh, the pity of it! But it is the dark of night that makes the stars shine so gloriously. Their background of slanderous mischance renders the heroines more brightly fair and noble. . . . As we learn to know and love such women, we feel reverently how ideal a relation—the loftiest granted to humanity—marriage may be. A heroine means a godlike woman; and Shakespeare's heroines are fully that. They are fair, and—fairer than that word—of wondrous virtues. Winsome, graceful, feeling, they do not attach or attract through the mere senses; but are in their loveliness and in their charms physical types and expressions of spiritual, ideal beauty—a of beauty which delights alike the brain, the senses and the soul."

The Other Half of a Flounder.

At Point Lookout the men started to build a platform out into the bay which was not completed. Connecting boards along the spiles furnished an excellent opportunity for fishing. On one of these I sat trolling for spotted-tail bass—a fish there found—and O'Donnell was "still" fishing from another two or three rods distant. He caught a flounder, evidently the first he ever saw. Holding it aloft as it twirled around, alternately showing the dark and flat white sides, he summed up his ichthyological astonishment in the following soliloquy:

"Be jabbers! O'll fish a long spell before I get the other half of yes."—Boston Journal.

Thirty Minutes at the Daypo

Being a Faithful Showing of What you may See if you have to Wait half an hour at Union Station.

BY MACK.

HAT the Dickens takes people out of town so much, anyhow? Why do people gallivant around the country so constantly? When you decide to run out and see the old folks or make up your mind to swoop down upon friends at one time or another, what do you find? The train crowded with people, of course, so that you cannot find a comfortable seat. As you go through car after car without finding room to deposit your person, not to mention the basket of plums and the basket of peaches, and the two valises and the shawl-strap—for I am presuming that you are a woman—and the umbrella and the shopping bag, and the two paper parcels, and the reticule, and the fan, and the bag of candy for your sister's baby, as you go through car after car you get angry and can't make out for the life of you why people don't stay at home and pay their debts. But, if you are a woman, a man at last gets up and gives you his seat, and then, if you will permit me to convey to you a piece of intelligence, my dear madam, those men seated near by are treated to a performance highly amusing to them. You will do nothing really new, but the actions of a woman in such an emergency are always new and interesting to the male observer. For instance, in your case, keep your eye upon yourself and see if you do not act something after this manner. The man who makes room for you had been occupying a whole seat, keeping a valise by his side, but he sets the grip under the seat and gets up into the aisle to let you in next to the window. You thank him, and drop your plums and valises in the seat beside you, immediately commencing to stow your traps away. The shawl-strap is put on the floor, the small parcels are piled upon your knees, in such wise as to make it appear that you are trying your best to make room for the man, but at last you turn pitifully towards him and look hopelessly at the bundles that still fill the seat. If he is an old traveler he will quietly pick up your fruit and other traps and pile them upon the floor and drop into his half of the seat. If he is not an old traveler he will wait before your appealing glance and leave you in full possession. If he puts your traps down and plumps himself beside you, you will get mad enough to tell him he is no gentleman. But you won't say so in words. You will merely signal your opinion of the man to everyone in the car by the expression you will call into your face. It will interest you to know that not a soul on board will agree with you. The men will not, because they have all suffered and been routed time and again; the women will not, for women, where their personal comfort is not concerned, are as clear as men in perceiving the justice of a cause. "The mean old thing! She deserves to stand," the ladies will exclaim to each other as they notice the arts you employ to cheat out of his half of the seat the man who befriended you. The other women will read you like a book, first because you make your purpose offensively plain, and second, because they all do the very same thing under the same circumstances. About this time you will begin to spill your parcels and gaze wildly out of window and up and down the car, and, catching the eye of someone going along the aisle, you will ask in extreme agitation, "Is this the train for Blank?" Of course it is. You asked six people the same question before you got aboard.

The women of this land are not, as a rule, reposeful travelers, and to tell you the truth I don't like those cold, calm exceptions, those women whom a journey does not fuster. Such a woman is cool enough to kiss poison into her husband's lips while looking false love into his trusting eyes. Give me the hurried woman with the bundles; she is the normal woman. Let us gently wean the bundles from her and trust them to the baggage-master and the hack-driver. Let us clamor at the door of the railway managers until they open up a parcel room on passenger trains so that the men of this generation can purchase freedom from slavery. Did you ever go to the station to meet your aunt? Did you ever succeed in guessing what she had packed in that valise? She would not let you send it up with an expressman, she would not let you engage a hack, but insisted on walking to the street car. If you found the valise heavy she offered to carry it herself, but you couldn't permit that, of course, as you struggled and heaved and wasted several dollars' worth of energy and temper because the feminine mind was centered upon the saving of a quarter.

About nine o'clock at night the Toronto Union Station is a scene of bustle. Trains at this season of the year are crowded, both in and out, and there are trains coming in and pulling out every three or four minutes. An excursion train will be there, the village band tooting for all it is worth. Young men will be standing on the steps, hanging on by the railings and leaning far out. One of them will look up the track and down the track, and then slyly glance at the spectators to see if all eyes are fastened enviously upon him, envying him his courage in hanging on just as a brakeman would, and his good fortune, in that he is going for a ride upon the train and has his ticket safe in his mouth.

You will see a poorly dressed girl of sixteen standing talking closely to a rakish youth, who spits tobacco and shows her no respect at all, and you will condemn the girl and reflect upon her low future, and you will wonder how one so young can be so brazen and depraved. The tough youth desires to get away from her, but she sticks to him and keeps her face close to his and talks in his ear. Then the train pulls out and the bad young man with a careless nod and a final squirt of tobacco swings aboard and is gone. The girl turns; you are ready to blast her with a glance, but instead of a brazen face you are confronted by a coarse and homely one convulsed with sobs and wet with tears that she does not even try to hide. The girl is a sister to that contemptible youth who showed her such scant respect and whose

idea of manhood is to be bold and bad, useless and drunken. The girl is evidently from the country, whence she came to work for a living, and has no doubt for weeks sung at her toll and laughed in her dreams waiting for the excursion that would bring her brother on a visit to her. He may have been a selfish brute from infancy, but she never noticed it and longed to see him, and planned a pleasant meeting and nice surprises for him and little presents. He came all right, but nothing happened as she had dreamed it would. He did not kiss her, but she didn't mind that much, for there was a crowd around, and Jack never made much fuss and hated to be laughed at. Then he didn't go up to the house with her, for he had promised to go to the Island with some of the boys in the forenoon, but he said they would have a big time after dinner, and she was satisfied. He did not come in the afternoon either, for he had gone down to the race track or somewhere else—couldn't get away from the other fellows. She did not see him again until nearly train time, and he smelled of beer and wore his hat sideways and swore laughingly at the boys when they trooped near the two of them. And all he could talk about was what he had done, and where he had been, and how much beer he had punished. When she tried to tell him how disappointed she was because he did not come with her, he growled and said she never wanted him to have any fun. And the whole soul of that poor young friendless thing was left astir by the brute idol of her devotion when the train pulled out. The event that had buoyed her up for a month was now past and it left not one little memory to cherish in the vista of drudgery that stretched away ahead of her. He did not speak even a few hollow words that she could treasure, nothing even of mock endearment that she could deceive herself with. But she would go home, or to the place that served as home, and after bitter self-torture would conclude that the fault was hers. She had expected too much. Jack seldom got away from the village. The city was new to him. He could not see enough of it in one day, and there was no fun for a smart fellow like Jack fooling around with a dull girl like her. And she wasn't pretty and had poor clothes, and Jack couldn't be blamed for being ashamed of her. But the mind is a clumsy reasoner with the heart, and though the heart may not answer it knows what it knows.

I saw a big man get off a train carrying his father, a helpless old man, in his great arms. The first time father and son found themselves in this relation to each other a surge of feeling must have swept over them. It was as different a moment from that in which the father first took the son in his arms. What had been done with the days and the years that had intervened? Who of their people had died or done worse since that other day, and had the air castles all evaporated to remain only as a mocking memory? Which of them held the guilt of their joint sorrows?

A Peep at Collingwood.

S the train rounded the curve with an unwarrantable proud snort and whistle after its slow and tedious journey of four hours, bringing first the exhibition buildings into view and the tower of the high school, I felt that it was indeed Collingwood I saw—Collingwood the haven of my wandering at Civic Holiday time—Collingwood famed in song and story for its broad sweep of water, its rocky shore and stunted cedars, burdocks and broken sidewalks, the healthiest, coolest and kindest spot on the map of the world. It is not a go-ahead place where the visitor is made dizzy by the din and swirl of life, but is rather a place to settle down in and compose one's person when one is tired of the turmoil of trolley cars and the mad worry of catching Island ferries—a sort of pillow is Collingwood, where one settles down easily, lulled by the tinkling of the cow-bell on the common, the crow of chanticleer in a far-off barnyard, and the soft splash of the waves on the pebbly beach. And if all this doesn't tickle the Collingwood people, then I'll give it up.

As I walked along the beach looking for a



nice spot to do some sketching, I found that several summer cottages were occupied by Toronto people who are spending the hot summer months at this point. I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore and family of Murray street, with Miss Featherstonhaugh and young Mrs. Gillespie and Miss Wadsworth as guests; Mrs. Bridges and her family and nephews, Messrs. Baldwin, the daughters of Gen. Thacker, Mrs. Lunaden and her niece, Miss Muriel Whittemore, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Creelman and family, with Misses Jennings, Dallas and Lang as guests, Mrs. Palin of Gloucester street and her daughter, Mrs. H. B. McDonald of Dallas, Texas, Mrs. Arthur Wheeler of Ottawa, Mrs. Williams of Vancouver and the Misses Park of London.

The beach at Collingwood is splendid for bathing, both for children and adults. They have evening bonfires and sociable shore teas. The tennis club has beautiful grounds and sets aside special days for visitors and strangers, and provides cake

and tea. On Thursday last there was played a friendly game between Collingwood and Owen Sound, which was quite a social affair, ending up in a dance in the evening at the pretty home of one of the oldest residents of the town.

E. P.

Some Strange Effects.

How completely the sense of a sentence is altered by the omission of an initial letter is shown in the following selections from various papers:

In consequence of the numerous accidents occasioned by skating on Taunton Lake, measures are to be taken to put a top to it.

When the President's wife entered the humble sitting-room of the mine she was politely handed a hair.

At a large dinner given last night at the —, nothing was eatable but the oysters.

A man was yesterday arrested on the charge of having eaten a cabman for demand more than his fare.

"The Russian soldier, Kachkinoffskewy was found dead with a long word sticking in his throat."—Exchange.

The Difference.



In her morning gown she looked superb.



In the afternoon everyone praised her beauty and refinement.



Anacreonitic.

For Saturday Night.

The purple grape that clustering stocks the vine Proclaims what cheer the future holds in store; Our cup to-night is ruby-red with wine, And can we ask for more?

The vintage of a glorious summer flown Is reaped again in every cup we fill!

The fragrance of the fruits is backward blown From every vine-clad hill!

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he said, "
Lymond I
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May shine, and shine in vain.

And now afar you'll wonder,
But no sweet-sounding bell

Will toll when chiming, yonder,

In monotone "Farewell."

— Literally translated by E. H. STAFFORD.

Farewell.

For Saturday Night.

The engine wheels are turning,
Now rings its warning bell,
My heart within is burning,
For I must say "Farewell."

I've counted every hour
Since I awoke at dawn,
The chimes from yonder tower
Ring over many a lawn.

And some who heard their ringing
Were lulled to peaceful rest,
And some broke into singing,
But sorrow filled my breast.

Each note seemed like the tolling
For loves we grieve to part,
And every sound came rolling
"Farewell" upon my heart.

Last night your eyes were bluer
Than April's violet,
They shone upon me truer
Than ever they yet.

But, oh, the violet blueness
I may not see again;

And the auroral trueness
May shine, and shine in vain.

And now afar you'll wonder,
But no sweet-sounding bell

Will toll when chiming, yonder,

</div

Between You and Me.

HOW often one hears the expression "A mere butterfly," and endorses it without thought, or with a half slighting thought of butterflies and their ways. This last week I've been studying up butterflies, and I shall not express myself as aforesaid any more. The beautiful, bright, bewitching things, coming, vanishing, one knows not whence or whether have fairly swarmed over Toronto suburbs this week. I saw a dusty roadway carpeted with glowing brown and black velvet last Sunday, and lo! as I came nearer, the carpet rose in patches and shreds and drifted here and there, and it was all of butterflies, scores and hundreds of them, with quivering wings and bright eyes and dainty, tiny feet, and they floated about me, and, woe the hour! I wheeled over one, *par hazard*, and left it a dusky, dead thing, gone forever!

In the city a child discoursed to me of butterflies. I had told her in a fantastic and conscientious moment that butterflies, the white ones, were baby angels flying about and finding out nice homes for the babies God sends to folk. And the small girl sat by herself and addressed two capering wee white angels, as they played tag among my pettans and pansies, in this fashion: "Wait till I tell you, silly things. You've made a mistake about this house, not bringing any babies here, for this lady's awful good to babies. Do you hear that?" And the butterflies whisked past her as she sat, with an impish whisk, not in the least angelic, as much as to say, "What do newspaper women want with babies? You can't make copy out of them, foolish child!" And the child smiled after them as they played, and suddenly she and I gave a doleful squall, for a yellow net with a small boy at the end of its handle crashed down on our baby angels, and a moment later we heard his remark: "One's spoiled; step on it. It's only a nasty yellow one!" And I and the child looked at one another and the child's eyes flooded over, and she whispered, "I'd just told them something to tell God, and the boy has killed them." I hugged her and tried hard to make up my mind to explain my fanciful story, but I couldn't, and for a long while she will abhor the boy that smashed her baby angels.

The world is full of boys who smash our baby angels, isn't it? Our little innocent white illusions and delusions, and dreams and ideals, and it is almost always from some supreme height of fancy that the fall comes. Looking back along the years there are dead butterflies in the dust at every yard; little hopes that fell fruitless, little longings never reached, little prayers never answered—all like crushed butterflies. They pleased us while they lived though, and that is all the best and biggest thing can do. People don't sufficiently honor the power of pleasing. It has worked wonders since that pretty apple turned its rosy cheek to Mother Eve and pleased her, before she put forth her naughty fingers to pick it. People say the story of Eve and the apple is only an allegory. Well, it is just as good for its purpose, even though it be. I adore a creature who openly and frankly tries to please me or anyone else. It is lovely to discover that anyone desires one's pleasure and appreciation, and, believe me, there is no more useful discipline and none better rewarded; like the quality of mercy it carries a double-barreled blessing, and the world and you and I would be better for more and more of it.

I had a letter to-day from Invernaid and between the leaves of it were four bonny sprigs of heather in purple bloom, and an assurance that they grew on Ben Lomond itself. I showed them to the Scotch neighbor I have and he looked at them a long minute, and then he said, "And is that the heather from Ben Lomond? I must go there some day." I felt quite ashamed to think I had roamed round the cloud-capped Ben, and sailed on the lovely lochs, I who am not Scotch at all at all, while this neighbor whose speech and person and notions are as Scotch as oatmeal must say, "And is this the heather?" There ought to be a law that people must visit their own country and learn what it is to be thrilled through with a rush of emotion, inexplicable but profound, the more inexplicable the more profound, and feel the tremor of the lips and the dimness of the eyes that tell one "This is my own country." Talk about disbelief in heredity, how else but by heredity do we Canadians know the difference between Scotland and Ireland and Turkey? What makes the Irish in us worship at Cashel, and weep at Killarney and whoop in Tipperary? Or the Scotch in us cling to the gray stones of Edinburgh and kiss the heather that comes across the seas in a letter? We are Canadians; our children, if we have any, will not weep at Muckross and kiss Scotch heather, maybe, but we do, because the fathers and mothers of us have Erin or Scotia stamped on their hearts, and the stamp has run into the next generation. It will not run through another; Canadians will have to kiss maple leaves when they are traveling or bidding in countries 'cross seas, and miss the glamor that hangs for you and me over Scotch hillsides and tarns, or Irish lakes and dargies!

Marion Crawford says lots of horrid things in her story of days, Katherine Lauderdale, "Affection is the hat, the object of it merely a peg to hang it on. One had better be one's own peg, it is safest!" "A man of genius, who runs in and out like a hen in a thunderstorm, never on hand when wanted." "The singularly whole-hearted faith which characterizes very refined women." Those of you who read this story and remember such sentences will find the effect somewhat like an experience I used to have in little-girl days. There was a certain brain-stuffed family pin cushion into which innumerable needles had strayed, and from which, by vigorous pinchings, they could be recovered. But when one pinched, one was altogether likely to get unexpectedly pricked, and the story of Katherine Lauderdale is full of such needle-pricks. It irritates with uncomfortable, unjust sayings, and even events have their pointed ends up, till it's just like carpet

tacks every step! Besides, there are mysteries in it, and on the last page Crawford says that if we want to find their solution we must buy the next book he writes, not saying it in such plain English, but to the same effect, which will probably make many of us feel that we don't care to.

LADY GAY.

The Mystery of Craig House.

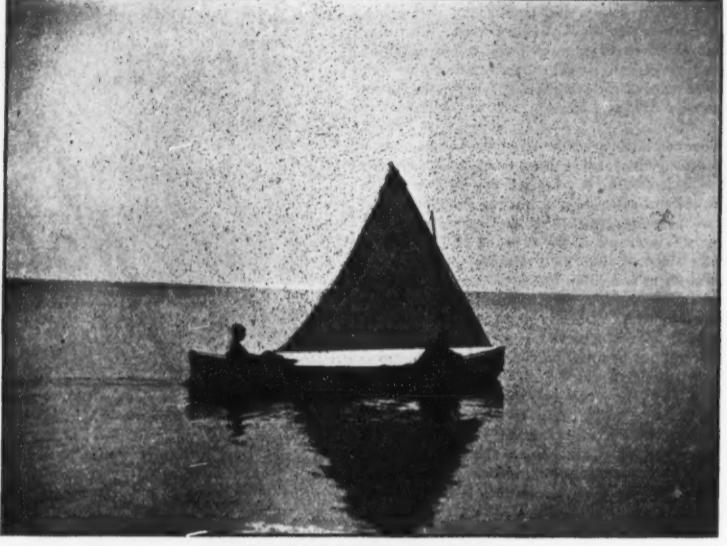
A Short Story of Horror.

As the train sped along I noticed that my traveling companion was a man of deep earnestness, but I was startled when he turned to me with a question. He asked if I thought it possible for disembodied spirits to return to enact over crimes committed during life.

"No," I replied, "I do not think it possible, but why do you ask?"

"Because if it is as you say, how can you explain this strange experience I once had? I will

quickly behind a curtain as another man and girl entered. She was beautiful, as beautiful as Hilda. Taking a flower from her hair she laughingly handed it to her companion, who stooped to kiss her fair face, but before his lips touched hers a shot rang through the room and the young man fell lifeless to the floor. With a piercing shriek the girl flung herself on the prostrate form of her lover. Her anguish was soon ended, however, by a second bullet, and the murderer, coming from his place of concealment, stood gloating over his horrible work. But another and yet more terrible scene was to be enacted. Taking up one and then the other of his victims he carried them and threw them into the furious blaze. I wonder now that up to this I had not lost consciousness, but the smell of burning flesh and the sight of the bodies, writhing and intertwining in the intense heat, overcame me and I fainted.



MOONLIGHT OFF TORONTO ISLAND.

By Mr. H. Nelles.

tell you the story, and I give my word as a gentleman that it is true. You have no doubt noticed my hair. It is as white as that of an old man at eighty. It turned the color you see it twelve years ago to-night. I was then a young man of twenty-one, and with some other friends of Captain Avery's was staying at his new residence, The Elms, for a fortnight's visit. It was Christmas Eve, and each of the party was vying with the others in telling weird stories of ghosts and goblins.

"I say, Avery," cried Charlie Esmonds, "do you boast no haunted house around here?"

"The Craig House, about a mile away, bears that reputation," answered our host. "It is said that at each Christmas Eve the library windows of Craig House flash with lights, and the restless spirit of Hyde Craig returns in search of his promised bride, who disappeared with his brother Edward; but, however, since old Margery, the housekeeper, died, gossips, who heard her ravings, say that Emily Elton did not elope with Edward Craig, but that Hyde, in his furious jealousy, murdered both in the old library and afterwards became a raving maniac, remaining so until his death."

"Come, boys," cried Esmonds, "who will go with me to see what illuminates the windows of Craig House?"

"I will! and I! and I!" echoed from all sides of the room, none of the party wishing to remain behind.

"The plan once formed was quick in execution. It was about eleven o'clock when we reached the deserted house, a gloomy enough pile for a dozen spirits to inhabit. Without much difficulty we secured an entrance by the great hall door, quietly we mounted the creaking stairs, which led to the library, a large, bare room, with an immense fireplace in one end. A slight creak of the stairs caused me to start violently, and Avery, knowing my nervous temperament, proposed binding me to my chair, so that, as he laughingly declared, I could not run away and leave them to the mercy of the ghost. In spite of all protests on my part, the others immediately seized me and bound me securely to my chair. It was now nearly midnight and the silence was oppressive. I could hear the deep breathing of the other men seated around the room, when the door by which we had entered began to open, and something entered. Something we could not see. An intangible dread, a feeling of fearful terror came over us. I strained at the cords that bound me. I tried to cry out, but my tongue seemed paralyzed. I could not utter a sound. I tried to rise, but my limbs were

"The last scene impressed on my memory was the form of the murderer dancing, with horrible convulsions of laughter, before the fire, while a pallid-faced old woman stood leaning weakly against the door. When day broke my friends gained courage to return. They found me lying unconscious in my chair, while my dark hair had turned the color you see it. It was many months before I recovered from the shock, and although I am not a rich man all the wealth of the Indies would not tempt me to spend another night in that house."

GEORGE MELTON.

When other boys played truant, Robert kept at his books. When Saturday came, there were the tasks and chores waiting for him because he was so conscientious.

He entered manhood without having a boyhood, and secured a position as assistant to the station-master at Dulburg. Then everybody shook their heads, and predicted that he would one day be the president of the P.D.Q.R.R.

The force at the Dulburg station consisted of the station-master, Robert, his assistant, and a red-headed telegraph operator, a lazily-inclined young man who read dime novels. Robert was so anxious to learn telegraphy, and applied himself so diligently to it, that, before long, the red-headed young man was taking days off to go to baseball games and picnics, while Robert obligingly attended to his instrument in addition to his duties as assistant station-master. He was so doing one day, when the division superintendent dropped off at Dulburg. The red-headed operator was given a permanent holiday, and Robert was given charge of his instrument, still performing his duties as assistant station-master.

Things ran this way until Mr. Quigley, the station-master, died. During his illness Robert had filled this position, too; and so well did he perform all the work thrust upon him that the company deferred sending another man to Dulburg for awhile, and finally made up its mind not to send one at all.

That was ten years ago; and to-day Robert is president of the road! Well, hardly!

I passed through Dulburg the other day, going to the mountains for my vacation. The division superintendent, a new man who suspiciously resembled a red-headed telegraph operator I had known in my youth, was with me. When we reached Dulburg a nervous, prematurely gray little man, in the uniform of a station-master, was bustling round. I recognized him at once. It was Robert. He was checking trunks, sending off freight, giving out train orders, and so busy he did not see me. "There's a man that has a life job," said the superintendent; "hasn't missed a day in ten years; the most conscientious man on the road."

"Why, I thought such a man would at least be given a department!" I said. The division superintendent stared at me blankly.

"But who'd run Dulburg Station?" he asked. "He does the work of three men. You bet, when this company gets hold of a good man like that, it doesn't change him around much."

"What salary does he get?" I asked.

"Oh, about forty dollars a month!" was the answer; "you see, the company couldn't afford to pay more at a little, unimportant station like Dulburg." —Puck.

How to Become a Labor Leader.

First, throw away your tools—if you have ever learned to use any.

Next, buy a big dictionary and memorize a few hundred of the biggest words you can find



A MISHAP OFF TORONTO ISLAND.

By Mr. H. Nelles.

The Story of Robert

His name was Robert, and he was called Robert. There were other Roberts among the boys of Dulburg, but they were generally known as "Bob." Robert, from his earliest youth, had taken a serious view of life and its obligations. "Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well," was the motto he impressed upon us boys, until we sickened at the sight of him. So conscientious was Robert that if there was any little task to be done, such as mowing

in it.

Then get a text-book on rhetoric, and read it carefully backwards, from the last page to the first.

When you are satisfied that your brain is thoroughly addled, sit down and try your hand at writing proclamations to your fellow-laborers. You may hope to become a grand master workman when you are able to produce something like the following:

Follow-Workmen: The constellation of prosperity is obscured by the ominous waves that dash on the rock of liberty, which is environed by the brigands of capital with their mutilating weapons at the throats of poverty-stricken workingmen, ready to erect the thrones of domination on their pinched and livid bones; ay, ready to drink the crimson life-blood of starving poverty from golden goblets carved out of the sweat of their brow. This is no time for vacillating hesitation or feeble weakness. The ship of government is steering straight against us; but if we stand like Gibraltar, moving to the right nor left, but erect like the giant oak, this pirate ship will be wrecked on the mountain of popular indignation, as many another ship has been wrecked.

The proud and boastful whip of capitalistic domination has been applied to our naked and resenting shoulders till every artery has boiled with indignation, and every bone has called out, "Stay! Hold! Enough!" Nay, more; every hair has risen in protest, and sobbingly queried, "When shall this end?"

Let us answer this query now. Let us terminate this horrible slavery at once, before the waves of complete destruction dash us into a Sahara of desolation, there to be swallowed up by the roaring waters of the desert. It is a question of life and death. Do you wish to lie at the bottom of the black pool of starvation, without a drop of water to quench your burning thirst? or do you wish to stand on the blazing mountain of prosperity, surrounded by the fat of the land, with milk and wine flowing



WHAT IS IT?

From a Pen and Ink Sketch made at Grimsby Park by Mr. V. C. McNeill.

rigid. The others staggered and scrambled to the door, and fled from the hellish place. The room began to grow lighter; an immense fire roared and crackled in the huge grate, before which a man was standing. His face was turned toward me, a face on which were stamped the vile passions of Hades. Approaching was heard the sound of girlish laughter and patterning feet; the man stepped

in golden streams about you? Make your choice! Make it now! Throw your tools in the face of capital! Sit down! Rest! —Puck.

Sanctum Gems.

Being a few bright ideas selected from the Western Press.

Financial Depression—A great deal is being said nowadays about "money being close." This may be true, but the editor of the *Times* has not found it to be true. Precious little of it gets close enough to us to be within our reach.—*Thomaston Times*.

The Worm Turns—The lady (l) who yesterday called the attention of another to our patched breeches, whereat they both laughed so heartily, is informed that a new pair will be purchased when her husband's bill is settled. It has been due nearly a year. Don't criticize a printer's dress too closely while you are wearing silks with money due him. Tell your husband to send us \$20.73 and save the cost of an entire suit.—*Sicamous Forest*.

Nailed to our Masthead—Our aim—Tell the truth though the Heavens tumble. Our paper—of the people, by the people, to be paid for by the people. Our religion—Orthodox, with a firm belief in Heaven. Our motto—Take all in sight and hustle for more. Our policy—To love our friends and injure our enemies. Our object—To make an honest living and pay our just debts.—*Gresham (Neb.) Courier*.

An Editorial Farewell—For fourteen months past we have been making an effort at endeavoring to attempt to try a bluff on running newspaper. A special collapse some six months ago prevented an exposure of mental disability later on. We desist with no ill-will toward the paper or its patrons, neither a great amount of collectible notes. We could have eked out an existence with some pleasure, had health permitted, but that is neither here nor there. Now, since we uns and you uns must part, 'tis sad that you uns have stole we uns heart, but it will be sadder if you uns don't bring in your bill before we uns depart. And to our debtors: Expect the vengeance of a just Bohemian's wrath to overtake you. We trusted in God, and we have not been forsaken for we found a fellow as green as ourselves to continue this desperate struggle. With tears and prayers we bid him God-speed.—*Bitter Root Times*.

Pikesey Roach Ambition—We heard to-day at the blacksmith shop that "Pikesey" Roach was going to run for magistrate for this the eleventh district. We would not willingly injure the cause of any deserving citizen, and we want it distinctly understood that we lay aside all personal animosity. Our defeat for constable by Pikesey has long since been forgotten in the oblivion of year, but is or is not Pikesey a deserving citizen? Would or would he not make a decent magistrate? Does Pikesey combine those qualities of dignity and subdued fire which we admire in the righteous judge? Emphatically no. We say honestly, and yet boldly, that we believe that Pikesey wants the office for the money that's in it. Shame, shame, that this high tribunal of our county be used to glut the insatiate desire of a menial politician.—*Pike-man's Friend*.

Increasing the Collection.

In a small town in the Midlands there is a rich congregation which is not characterized by lavish liberality.

Time after time the minister had vainly appealed to his people to contribute more generously to the funds of the church. The members would indeed give something, but it was nearly always the smallest silver coins of the realm that were placed on the plate.

A shrewd Scotman who had recently come to the place and joined the church was not long in noticing this state of affairs, and a remedy soon suggested itself to his practical mind.

"I'll tell you what," he said to one of the officials, "if you mak' me treasurer, I'll engage to double the collection in three months."

His offer was promptly accepted, and sure enough the collections began to increase, until by the time he had stated they were nearly twice as much as formerly.

"How have you managed it, Mr. Sandy-man?" said the pastor to him one day.

"It's a great secret," returned the canny Scot, "but I'll tell you in confidence. The fool, I saw, mainly gave threepenny bits. Well, when I got the money every Saturday evening I carefully picked out the small coins and put them by. Now, as there's only a limited number of threepenny pieces in a little place like this, and as I have most of them at present under lock and key, the fool may give sixpences at least instead. See—that's the way the collections are doubled."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

The Parisian Version.

The French account of Adam's fall: Monsieur Adam, he wake up—he sees une belle demoiselle assip in ze garden. Volia de la change! "Bon jour, Madame IV." Madame IV, she wake: she hole her fan before to her face. Adam put on his eyeglass to admire ze tableaux, and zey make one promenade. Madame IV, she feel hungry. She sees appelle ze arbre. Serpent ze promene sur l'arbre—make one walk on ze tree. "Monsieur le Serpent," say IV, "will vous not have ze bone to peek me some appelle j'air falm." "Certainement, Madame IV, charmes do vous voil." "Hola, mon ami, ar-r-retex, vous!" says Adam—"stop! stop! que songes vous faire! Was madness is zeess! You must not pick ze appelle!" Ze snake, he take one pinch of snuff, he say: "Au, Monsieur Adam, do you not know how zeere is nosing proheebet ze ladies! Madam IV, permit me to offer you some of ze fruit defendu—zees forbiden fruit." IV, she makes one courtesy—ze snake, he fill her parapet wiz ze appelle. He says: "Eritis sicut Deus. Monsieur Adam, he will eat ze appelle, he will become like Dieu, know ze good and ze evil—but you, Madame IV, cannot become more of a goddess than you are now." An' zat feenish Madame IV.—Exchange.

Mr. Goldstein—I would rather see my daughter in der grave dan your wife.

Mr. Silverstein—is dot so? I did not know you had her life insured.

Short Stories Retold.

Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, played a practical joke on Lord Robertson, who sent him a copy of a poem for notice in the *Quarterly Review*. He wrote a scathing article on the work, had it put into type and only one copy of it printed, and that, of course, his lordship received, bound up in his number of the *Quarterly*. The review is said to have contained the famous epitaph or epigram:

*Hare lies the Christian, Judge and Post Peter,
Who broke the laws of God, and man and me.*

Bishop Wilson of Calcutta may be said to have cultivated too highly the happy faculty of saying the right thing at all times. On one occasion two young people, whose fathers were famous for their diverse and peculiar views on biblical subjects, came to see the bishop. "Ah," said he, as he greeted one, "your father wrote a great work on the Apocalypse. I congratulate you on being the daughter of such a man." Then turning to his other guest, he said: "And your father forbore to write about the Apocalypse—a wise forbearance! You are to be congratulated on having so wise a father."

Louis Tracy tells the following story: Not long ago, her Majesty the Queen received a well known and ponderous Anglo-Indian official at a *levee* in Buckingham Palace. He is a tremendous chap, and among the brilliant company was a native prince who can crack a joke with anybody in fluent Persian. As the gigantic official approached the throne he bowed so deeply that he slipped on the polished floor, fell on his back, knocked the wind out of himself, and could not rise. "Ha, ha," growled the prince, in a deep bass voice; "Hathik-mak! How like an elephant!" and all the Anglo Indians present laughed more loudly than is customary at such royal functions. Even the Queen smiled.

The eccentricities of Henry Stephen Fox, an early English minister at Washington, were the laugh of the town. Fox generally did not arise until other people were already ready to go to bed. When duty compelled him to rise earlier, Fox was like an owl in the day time. "How strange," said he to Mme. Calderon, one morning at a state "function"—"how strange we look to each other by daylight." His debts compelled him to economy, and he rarely gave dinners. He once invited a large party to his house—Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Webster and all the giants—and when they were all assembled, he said: "Gentlemen, now be good enough to put on your hats and follow me." And thus saying, he led the way to a neighboring eating-house.

Count Cesnola, afterward famous through his collection of statuary, commanded the Fourth New York Cavalry during the Civil War. He was a gallant officer, but his command was a motley mass of whom it was difficult to make soldiers. In 1863, by reason of the bad conduct of his men, he was made a prisoner. After ten months he was returned to his regiment, and said: "I propose to put these rascals through a course of discipline and drill until they distinguish themselves in battle; and the moment they do that, I shall resign." On August 15, 1864, he, at their head, charged two Confederate regiments of infantry, and while the army was ringing with this gallant deed of arms, Colonel Cesnola sat in his tent writing a resignation of his commission. "They have covered me with glory to-day," he said; "they may disgrace me to-morrow."

In a murder trial before a Western court the prisoner was able to account for the whole of his time, except five minutes, on the evening when the crime was committed. His counsel argued that it was impossible for him to have killed the man, under the circumstances, in so brief a period, and on that plea largely based his defence, the other testimony being strongly against his client. When the prosecuting attorney replied, he said: "How long a time really is five minutes? Let us see. Will his honor command absolute silence in the court-room for that space?" The judge graciously complied. There was a clock on the wall. Every eye in the court-room was fixed upon it as the pendulum ticked off the seconds. There was breathless silence. The keen witted counsel waited until the tired audience gave a sigh of relief at the close of the period, and then asked quietly: "Could he not have struck one fatal blow in all that time?" The prisoner was found guilty, and, as it was proved afterward, justly.

During the Revolutionary War, the troops under Colonel McLane's command were suffering for provisions and clothing, and Congress had been repeatedly petitioned for that relief which it was not in its power to bestow. Under these circumstances, Colonel McLane paraded his band of suffering soldiers, who were about going into winter quarters at Valley Forge, and addressed them as follows: "Fellow soldiers, you have served your country faithfully and truly. We have fought hard fights together against a hard enemy. You are in a bad way for comfortable clothes, and it almost makes me cry to see you tracking your half frozen, bloody feet on the cold ground. But Congress can't help it, nor can I. Now, if any of you want to return home, to leave the army at such a time as this, you can go. Let those who would like to go step out four paces in front. *But*—the first man who steps out—if I don't shoot him, my name is not McLane!" It is needless to add that not a single "volunteer" for home was to be found in the ranks.

Lord Coleridge sprang into eminence as a lawyer by astutely seizing a simple incident while he was pleading the cause of a man on trial for murder. In the course of his long argument, a candle in the jury box flickered and went out, leaving the court room in darkness. He stopped speaking, and the silence in court for a moment was oppressive. The usher replaced the light and Coleridge resumed his address. "Gentlemen of the jury, you have a solemn duty, a very solemn duty to discharge. The life of the prisoner at the bar is in your hands. You can take it—by a word. You can extinguish that life as the candle by your side was extinguished a moment ago. But it is not in your power. It is not in the power of any of

us—or anyone in this court or out of it—to restore that life, when once taken, as the light has been restored." The tone in which the words were spoken, the cadence of the voice, and the action of the orator, with the inspiration of the scene and the hour, produced a thrilling effect. The jury acquitted the prisoner, and Coleridge's fortune was made.

The Judge's Story.

Hon. John M. Rice Tells How He Was Cured of Sciatic Rheumatism—Crippled for Six Years.

The Hon. John M. Rice of Louisville, Lawrence county, Kentucky, is a man many years removed from the active county and state in the legislature at Frankfort and Washington, and until his retirement was a noted figure in political and editorial circles. A few days ago a Kentucky *Post* reporter called upon Judge Rice, who in the following words related the history of the causes that led to his retirement: "It is just about six years since I had an attack of rheumatism, slight at first, but soon developing into sciatic rheumatism, which began first with acute shooting pains in the hips, gradually extending downward to my feet. My condition became so bad that I eventually lost all power of my legs, and then the liver, kidneys and bladder, and in fact my whole system, became deranged. I tried the treatment of a physician, but deriving no lasting benefit from them, I went to Hot Springs, Ark. I was not much benefited by some months stay there, when I returned home. In 1891, I went to the Silurian Springs, Wakefield, Wis., I stayed there some time, but without improvement. Again I returned home, this time feeling no hopes of recovery. The muscles of my limbs were now reduced by atrophy to mere strings. Sciatic pains tortured me terribly, but it was the disordered condition of my liver that was I felt gradually wearing my life away. Doctors gave me up, all kinds of remedies had been tried without avail, and there was nothing more for me to do but resign myself to death. I was almost entirely a stimulus until April, 1893. One day I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This was something new, and as one more drug after so many others could do no harm, I was prevailed upon to try Pink Pills. The effect of the pills was marvelous, and I could soon eat heartily, a thing I had not done for years. The liver began to perform its functions, and has done so ever since. Without doubt the pills saved my life, and while I do not crave notoriety I cannot refuse to testify to their worth."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid, on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Some Holiday Fancies.

GLOVES are an expensive part of one's apparel. To be well gloved costs money and thought. Such a person is extravagant in gloves, we say, and another, in contrast, is careful and makes her gloves last a long time. The fastidious woman dislikes soiled gloves, and the neat one disdains those which are torn or ripped, while she who can afford to indulge her tastes has gloves to match her several toilettes, and is particular about her nice fit, knowing whether to purchase the long-fingered, the short-fingered, or the medium, when adding this finishing touch to her costume. A large hand is not made to look smaller when compressed into too tight a glove. On the contrary, the pudgy hand of the stout woman gains in apparent size by its squeeze into a small glove, and the scrawny fingers of the thin woman show no less length and attenuation if encased in a glove that is too short. In wearing gloves avoid hastily thrusting them on the first time of using. The people at the glove shop give you a lesson here. They rest your elbow on a cushion, powder the hand which they have softly dried, then gently insinuate the fingers and the thumb into their respective stalls, moulding the glove on the hand with light, deft pressure. The glove retains the character it receives with this careful fitting, or the reverse if you have not time or patience to treat it with gentleness. When gloves are ripped, mend them immediately. A stitch in time literally saves nine here. Keep sewing silk on hand of the precise color of your gloves, and have two or three needles threaded, and you will not be long detained by a needful repair. Button-hole stitch the edges of a rent, then delicately draw them together, and a torn glove will enter on a new term of usefulness. In taking off gloves pull them from the wrist downward so that they are wrong side out when they leave the hand. The woman of limited means has her best, her second best and everyday gloves. When reduced to sweeping and dusting uses, everyday gloves are near their last estate, and the second-best having come down to runabout gloves a new pair of best gloves must be bought. Tan and dark gray are the most serviceable colors. Black wear out soonest. White or delicate yellow and cream-colored gloves should be laid away in tissue-paper with the other dainty belongings of an evening toilette.

A midsummer importation of Liberty satin, though of English name, comes from Paris, and shows the exquisite colors that now prevail there. This fabric is a light and supple satin of most brilliant lustre, made familiar by Liberty, the art-dealer in London, and is sold for one dollar a yard. It is predicted that this artistic fabric will set the tone for many

materials next season, as one already hears of the "Liberty finish" being given to ribbons and to other goods now in preparation for autumn and winter. The bluet-blue of lavender hue is largely imported in this soft satin, also orchid, a pinkish-lilac, old-green, a dull soft dark tint, pale sky blue, much black, and a purplish-red like the cherry now worn. Just as present this fabric is being used for trimmings, and later will be worn as blouses, though at present the fancy seems to be for printed satins—with Liberty finish—for separate waists.

White veils are the fashion of the summer, and are worn large and loose over the hat brim, never close to the face, and sometimes, in French fashion, falling as a ruffle of lace over the brim and hanging free. Large meshes are preferred, with dots of chintz. This is true of colored veils as well as white. For yachting and coaching, white chiffon and grenadines with tape borders are used as scarf veils. The latest fancy with Parisian is for heavy guipure veils that protect the skin from midsummer sun, but are very warm, and disguise the wearer almost beyond recognition. The most elegant of these are of the yellow or butter colored guipure called Isigny lace, after the town of that name.

Checked silks are the latest French fancy for trimming hats for driving by the sea and for boating. The hat is of rough yellow straw that would be of sailor shape but for the projecting front of the brim. The low round crown is nearly surrounded by a scarf of black and white checked silk with fringed ends that do not meet in the back, but fall there below the brim. The middle of the scarf forms loose folds in front that do not quite touch the crown, and on each side are three large loops standing out prominently to reach the edge of the brim. Two black quills cut off squarely at the top are thrust in the loops on the left side and stand upward, one leaning forward, the other back. Everything on this hat is impervious to water and shakes the dust, hence it is fast being sent to the seashore. Blue with cerise is a French coloring on Newport hats of white rough straw.

While plain and simple skirts prevail this season, some very graceful draped skirts are also made to give variety to summer wardrobes. These are especially liked for house dresses, as they take the place of tea gowns in the afternoons, and are also suitable for carriage wear. Two materials are required for these draped gowns, and the effect of one dress above another is carried out in every part. As the dress is so nearly doubled, only the lightest fabrics are permissible at this season, the thinnest crepe or mouseline and the lightest silks. Charming combinations of color are also brought about in these elaborate gowns, two and three colors sometimes in strong contrast entering into them. In the gown illustrated Worth has associated the favorite black and white with the blue-purple shades of the *fleur de lis*. The over-dress is of cream-white foulard powdered closely with the small colored blossoms, and trimmed with cream-white satin ribbon as a border and in soft rosettes. The dress beneath is of thin black crepe, accordion-pleated throughout. The fitted lining of the corsage opens in front, and is covered by a yoke of the pleated crepe which reaches in a point to the waist-line in front, and is very short and round in the back, as is shown in the view of the gown given above. All the fullness of the yoke goes into a plain high collar-band of cream satin ribbon, fastened in the back. The foulard waist of the over-dress opens from the belt in heart shape, forming little reverses bordered with ribbon, each held by a *chou*, then widens into bretelles extending over the shoulders in godet fullness, and tapering thence to a point at the belt in the back. The low rounded back of the corsage is shirred at the waist-line and passes under a sash of black satin ribbon brought around from the front and simply knotted in the back before it falls in long ends on the skirt. The foulard skirt of unusual width is lifted to the waist on the right side, faced with the same foulard and bordered with cream satin ribbon. This displays the front of the pleated crepe skirt, which has three narrow pleatings across it, and is ornamented down the middle with large *choux* of cream satin, each holding a jet button in the center. The back breadths are full and straight, with a pleated flounce of foulard at the foot. Very large sleeves, reaching to the elbow, are of accordion-pleated black crepe, while the undersleeves beneath are not pleated, and are finished with a ribbon band flounce. This design is equally effective when carried out in white *mouseline de soie* instead of black, the foulard having either black or purple blossoms, as one may fancy. This is prettily shown in the illustration, representing the back of the costume. New golf caps with shoulder straps are of pop-sacking lined with *glace* silk, and are less heavy than those of double-faced cloth. Rough cloths of brown plaid make large capes for steamer wear and for traveling generally. The upper cape reaches to the elbow, and that below extends almost to the knee. There is a collar or a hood, as one chooses, and this with the shorter

cape is lined with checked taffeta silk. Gold buckles and a chain fasten the garment at the throat.

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My Dear Sirs,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with those complaints. I am, yours truly, J. HENDERSON, M.A., Principal of Collegiate Institute, St. Catharines, Ontario.

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The Best
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cape is lined with checked taffeta silk. Gold buckles and a chain fasten the garment at the throat.

A Conundrum.

As is well known, Prussian officers are a very arrogant and conceited lot. One of these gentry met a Roman Catholic priest, and as there were plenty of listeners, he thought he would have a joke at the priest's expense.

"Can you tell me, father," he said, "what is the difference between a priest and a donkey?" The priest considered for a time and then gave it up.

"Well," said the officer, "the donkey carries the cross on his back, while the priest carries it in front."

A hearty laugh was the response, in which the priest joined.

"Now," said the priest, "perhaps you will allow me to ask you a conundrum. What is the difference between a Prussian officer and a donkey?"

The officer stared, considered, and after a time said, "I don't know. I must give it up."

"And so do I," replied the priest, quietly. "Good morning."

A Slur at Drummers.

A dissipated young man in Galveston applied to a merchant for a position as drummer. "How do you dare to speak to me when you are in this condition?"

"What do you mean?"

"You are drunk, sir."

"Yes, course I'm drunk. That's the way I always am. Ain't that prinsipal qualification of a drummer, eh?"

He (in a spirit of investigation)—Why don't you marry?

She (softly)—Nobody ever asked me to.

He—Oh.

"The Best Table Water extant."—Court Journal
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Dr. ANDREW WILSON, of Health, writes: For Gout, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and allied troubles I recommend

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Over 75,000 Bottles of

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"See her fool, if I do late to try a referring that safe w open it."

"That's dructor; but to open the out."

"All right fast enough, bination, but you might the combination safe. Of cou

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August 18, 1894

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

Hopkins's Safe.

"I see," said the Jericho station-master, "that a train on the Denver road has just been held up, and the safe robbed of over three hundred thousand dollars. Well! these things have to happen so long as the present style of burglar-proof safes is in fashion. Any robber that has been properly educated to the business can open a safe inside of half an hour, and can do it without any dynamite or such violent ways. Now a safe can be made that nobody can open except with the proper combination, for I've seen such a safe myself. Saw it on this very road too, and it was buried only about fifty miles from here."

"What in the world was the reason for burying a safe?" I asked.

"Because you can't have a funeral without burying the corpse," replied the station-master. "I've got just about time enough to tell you the story before the Athensville express comes in, so set down and you shall hear all about it."

"About ten years ago, or maybe eleven, I ain't any sort of a hand for dates, there was a baggage-master on this road by the name of Hopkins. He and I were on the same train, which was the regular day express, and carried the gold dust that used to be sent down once a week from Custerville, where the mines were panning out at the time pretty middling well. This is Hopkins—Jim was his name—besides being baggage-master, also acted as an agent for the express company, and took charge of the safe. As a rule, the train was held up about once a month, and the safe was either opened by Jim, with a pistol to his ear, or else, if the robbers had plenty of time before them, and took a pride in their profession, they would open it themselves."

"Jim got tired of this sort of thing, and, being an ingenious sort of a chap who had invented quite a lot of things, he undertook to invent a safe that nobody could open except with the combination. Moreover, he calculated to make it so strong that dynamite wouldn't have any effect upon it, so that it would really be a burglar-proof safe, in good earnest. Well, Jim he worked at that safe for a good part of the winter, until he had got it planned out in a way to suit him, and then he took some of his savings, for he had a good lot of money in the bank, and he built his new patent burglar-proof safe, and had it put in his baggage-car."

"The new safe was about twice the size of an ordinary express company's safe. Outside it looked like any other safe, but besides being twice as strong as anything of the kind that had ever been built before, it had a good many special features, which I don't pretend to remember, not being a mechanical sharp myself. I do recall, however, that it had a spring lock, which Jim explained was for convenience in case the train should be held up very suddenly, and there shouldn't be time to close the safe and lock it in the usual way."

"Seems to me," said the conductor, whose name was Sampson, though we always called him Gates, after that friend of Sampson's that he carried away from somewhere on his back—I don't exactly remember the name of the town—"Seems to me," said he, "that when you get a pistol to your ear that safe'll come open as easy as any other safe."

"So it will," says Jim, "provided I ever find that pistol alongside of my ear. But I call late that I've got through with that style of amusement. The next time this shyster train is held up, the robbers won't find me, unless they can open that safe, which is just what I mean that they shan't be able to do."

"Why, where are you going to be?" asks Gates. "Are you cal'ating to hide yourself in the fire-box, or under the water in the tank?"

"See here," says Jim. "I ain't no blamed fool, if I do look like one. No, sir, I don't cal'late to try any such games as those you're referring to, but I do expect to get inside of that safe when the train is held up, and to stay there till the robbers get tired of trying to open it."

"That's a big scheme, Jim," says the conductor; "but I'd like to know how you expect to open the safe again when you want to come out."

"O!" says Jim, that part of the business I leave with you. I'll give you the combination, and after the robbers have got tired and gone home, you can open the safe and let me out."

"All right," says Gates. "I'll let you out fast enough, provided I can remember the combination, but you know my memory isn't what you might call first-class, and I might forget the combination, and never be able to open the safe. Of course, you wouldn't mind a little thing like that, for you'd be snug and comfortable, though perhaps a little bit hungry after a while."

"Well, the conductor kept on chaffing Jim about his new invention, but the two were good friends, though it was afterwards thought by people who didn't know all the facts that Gates was partly to blame for what happened. Jim, he gave Gates the combination of the safe, and the very next day after the thing was put in the baggage-car the train was held up just this side of Athensville."

"The robbers climbed into the baggage-car, and when they couldn't find Jim they brought up the conductor and told him to open the safe. The conductor swore that nobody knew the combination except Jim, and that he wasn't aboard the train that night, but had laid over at Jones' Misery, owing to not feeling very well. The robbers, seeing as Jim was not to be found, believed what the conductor said, and they went to work to pick the lock of the safe. Of course they couldn't do it, for that lock was just a masterpiece of engineering, and there wasn't a man living that could pick it. Then they tried the centerbits, but they couldn't make any impression on the safe. The bits would just slide around and scratch the surface here and there, but they hardly made a dent in the steel. By this time the robbers had got pretty mad, and they slid the safe out into the open, and tried what they could do with dynamite. They must have put a lot of the stuff under the safe, for when it went off the safe sailed more than thirty feet into the air, and came down so solid that she made a big hole in the ground. But when they came to examine her she wasn't hurt a bit. Not a joint nor a bolt was started, and except for a little blackening of the outside she was as good as new."

"This shyster is a low down outrage," says the

robber captain. "The man that made that safe deserves hanging if ever a man did, for the thing is going to put an end to train robbery, and will throw hundreds of men out of employment. I hate a man what hasn't any feelings for his fellow-men."

"Well, the rest of the robbers they stood around the safe and cussed till they were tired, but they admitted that they couldn't open it, and after a while they told the conductor that he might take his safe back again, and start his train down the road. Accordingly, we got the safe into the baggage-car again, and after the train was a mile or two down the road the conductor he opens her, and there was Jim as gay as a jaybird, and laughing himself sick over the failure of the robbers."

"There wasn't any doubt that Jim's scheme had worked well, and the express company gave him fifty dollars as a testimonial of their gratitude for having prevented the robbers



"This shyster is a low down outrage," says the robber captain."

from seizing two hundred thousand dollars worth of gold dust. Bimeby, a new idea occurred to Jim. You see, at that time there wasn't any telegraph on this line, and there being only a single track, and that a pretty rough one, accidents were frequent. One day when there was a drove of cattle on the line, and Jim, looking out of the car saw that there was certain to be a smash up, he just opened his safe and gets into it, to wait for better times. That train went off the track, and the baggage car broke loose and went down an embankment, turning over half a dozen times, and going clean to kindling wood. When we began to clear things up, and missed Jim, we all supposed that he had been smashed, but when the conductor opened the safe to see if the contents were all right, there was Jim as smiling as a basket of chips, and enquiring in a kind of carelessness if there was anything the matter with the train. After that, Jim regularly climbed into his safe whenever he heard the danger signal, and he never once got the least scratch or bruise. He went through three collisions in that safe, and after one of them, the safe was buried so deep among the rubbish that it was two days before we could dig it out. That didn't disturb Jim, however. He just took the time out in sleep, and, according to what he said, would have been perfectly contented if he had only been able to smoke his pipe, which he couldn't do owing to the scarcity of air in the safe. You see, as long as he kept his mouth somewhere near the key-hole he managed to do very well, but it wasn't what you could call an airy sort of place."

"Jim was a careful man, and never neglected any precaution that would make the valuables in his charge as safe as possible. This was why he made it a rule to change the combination of the safe every month. About the third day of August, I remember the month, because I always suffer from a liver complaint in August, and I was off duty at the time and riding in the smoking-car, being too sick to work as brakeman—we came near running into a wagon that was crossing the track. When Jim heard the brakes blown down, he crawled into his safe and shut the door, expecting there would be an accident. It so happened that the wagon got clear of the track just in time, and went on our way rejoicing. After awhile we missed Jim, and, knowing that he must be in his safe, the conductor started to open it. He found that the combination wouldn't work, and then, remembering that it was just after the first of the month, he knew Jim must have changed it and forgotten to give him the new combination. So the conductor gets close to the keyhole and calls to Jim to give him the combination, but Jim answers that he had changed it that very morning but couldn't for the life of him remember what it

"Well, the conductor kept on chaffing Jim about his new invention, but the two were good friends, though it was afterwards thought by people who didn't know all the facts that Gates was partly to blame for what happened. Jim, he gave Gates the combination of the safe, and the very next day after the thing was put in the baggage-car the train was held up just this side of Athensville."

"The robbers climbed into the baggage-car, and when they couldn't find Jim they brought up the conductor and told him to open the safe. The conductor swore that nobody knew the combination except Jim, and that he wasn't aboard the train that night, but had laid over at Jones' Misery, owing to not feeling very well. The robbers, seeing as Jim was not to be found, believed what the conductor said, and they went to work to pick the lock of the safe. Of course they couldn't do it, for that lock was just a masterpiece of engineering, and there wasn't a man living that could pick it. Then they tried the centerbits, but they couldn't make any impression on the safe. The bits would just slide around and scratch the surface here and there, but they hardly made a dent in the steel. By this time the robbers had got pretty mad, and they slid the safe out into the open, and tried what they could do with dynamite. They must have put a lot of the stuff under the safe, for when it went off the safe sailed more than thirty feet into the air, and came down so solid that she made a big hole in the ground. But when they came to examine her she wasn't hurt a bit. Not a joint nor a bolt was started, and except for a little blackening of the outside she was as good as new."

"This shyster is a low down outrage," says the

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was.

"Here was a pretty go. The only man who knew the combination had forgot it, and he was shut up in the safe. We told Jim that we would leave him quiet for an hour and that there wasn't any doubt that he would be able to remember the combination in that time, but somehow when he agreed to this his voice did not sound very sanguine. At the end of an hour he hadn't made any progress. All he could say was, that the word had something to do either with robbery or politics, and that it must be a word of five letters, that being the way the lock was made.

"Well, we set to work to think of every word in the language relating to robbery and containing five letters. It was like working out some of these puzzles that you see in the Sunday papers, but we couldn't hit on the right answer. Seeing as 'robbery' didn't furnish us with the word, we tried words connected with 'politics,' and if we had only known it, we were on the right track, but we never got there. The conductor sent to his house for a big dictionary and proposed to begin and try every word of five letters in the whole concern, but after awhile we found that it would take pretty near a year to get through with them all, and by that Jim wouldn't be wanting to get out.

"We worked at that combination for a good twenty-four hours, taking it altogether, and then we had to give it up. Then we sent for the best safe-burglar in the whole North-west, and offered him a hundred dollars to open the safe, giving him leave to try any plan he might prefer. The man had heard of Jim's patent burglar-proof safe, and, being an ambitious chap who took a genuine pride in his profession, he was glad of the job. But he didn't succeed any better than we had done. Picking the lock, guessing at the combination and working with the Jimmy were all failures, and having heard about the experiment that the first gang of train robbers had made on the safe with dynamite, he didn't think it worth while to try that sort of thing a second time. However, he did say that in his opinion sledge-hammers would open the safe if they were used long enough. So we got two men with big sledge-hammers and set them to hammering the safe hour after hour in the same place, and when they were tired we had two more men to relieve them. We took the safe and the men along with us in the train, and they made such a noise that you could have heard that train a mile away, and would have thought that she was a boiler manufacture on wheels. At the end of twelve hours of steady hammering there wasn't so much as a good-sized dent on that safe, and we gave up sledge-hammers and made up our minds that we had seen the last of Jim.

"For all that we kept tinkering at the combination for a fortnight or more afterwards. Jim had been quiet after the end of the first eight days, and we couldn't get any answer from him. So, seeing as the time had come for bid farewell to him, we decided that we would take the safe down to the Athensville cemetery and bury it as it stood. Which accordingly was done on the following Sunday, and, seeing as it was well known that the safe belonged to Jim and was empty at the time, except so far as Jim was concerned, there was nobody who had the right to make any objection. The minister who conducted the funeral sermon did say something about the extra ordinary nature of the coffin that we had chosen for the deceased, but we told him that the coffin didn't concern him, and that all he had to do was to heave ahead and give it Christian burial without passing any of his remarks. We didn't think it worth while to sink the safe very deep, because some day the combination might be discovered, and then Jim's heirs would want to get the safe out again and put it among Jim's assets, for it would have been sure to fetch a big price if there had been any way of getting into it.

"It must have been a year after the funerals, when a passenger got to talking with the conductor of the express in the smoking-car about Jim and his safe, and he accidentally mentioned that the night before Jim shut himself up for the last time they two had been talking politics, and Jim, who was a Democrat, was slinging language about President Hayes, and saying that he had stolen the Presidency from Tilden, and was no better than a train robber. When the conductor heard this he swore a oath in a thoughtful sort of way, and then he says, 'We've got that combination at last.'

"How so?" says the man.

"Why," says the conductor, "Jim allowed that the combination was a word of five letters that had something to do either with robbery or politics. Now 'Hayes' would be exactly that sort of word, and I can't think how it happened that we didn't try it. I haven't the least manner of doubt that if we was to dig

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that safe up and try it with "Hayes" it would open without the least trouble."

"What's the good of opening it after Jim has been occupying it for more than a year?" says the man.

"Why, just this," says the conductor. "That there safe is the only burglar-proof safe ever built, and if the combination was known the relatives of the remains could sell it for two thousand dollars easy. I'll see them about it to-morrow, and we'll have one more try at opening it."

"Well, to make a long story short, the relatives dug the safe up, and found sure enough that 'Hayes' was the word that unlocked it. It was a little rusty on the outside, but otherwise it was just as good as ever. There wasn't very much left of Jim by that time, but what there was received a second funeral, for there wasn't anything mean about Jim's family, and then the express company bought the safe for eighteen hundred dollars, and it was used on this road for upwards of two years."

"What became of it finally?" I asked.

"What always becomes of anything or anybody that sticks to railroading too long. The train went off of Three Mile Bridge, about seventy-five miles north of Josephsville, and, there being a quicksand at the bottom of the creek that no man could ever find the bottom of, the whole train—including Jim's safe—sank out of sight, and nobody ever found the least trace of it afterwards. You ought to have heard of that accident, for about three hundred passengers went down with the train, and the company never paid a cent of damages because there were no remains found, and nobody could prove that anybody in particular had been killed. I say it didn't cost the company anything for damages, though they do say that the jurymen cost altogether not far from five thousand dollars a piece. However, the company got out of it very cheap, and the directors were more disgusted about losing that safe than they were about losing the whole train. Come into my office and I'll show you Jim's photograph standing by his new safe, and making believe to pronounce an oration on its merits. He was a good fellow was Jim, but he put his confidence in that safe once too often."

—W. L. Alden in the *Illustrator* for August.

How Carnot's Assassin Would Have Been Used Long Ago.

Those who think the world has not grown in humanity may take hope in comparing the treatment meted out to President Carnot's assassin and that accorded to—say, Robert Francis Damien. It is not one hundred and fifty years ago since Damien made a feeble and entirely ineffectual attempt to stab—with a penknife—Louis XV. of France as he stepped into his coach. He made no attempt to escape; and, as he appears to have been a little mad, and to have had no method in his madness, he had nothing to say. "Damien appears very resolute," says the contemporary chronicler with entire equanimity. "His feet have been scorched, and the calf of his leg pinched with red-hot tongs. He shrieked indeed, but confessed nothing." Then his teeth were pulled out—lest he should end his torments by biting off his tongue. Similarly he was given emetics, lest he should have taken poison. For about three months this pocket knife poltroon was kept in repeated tortures. Then

he was cured.

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Even if they only cured

Theatrical Note.

"I see a woman started out with a stick to walk all the way to California. That's something new, isn't it?"

"No, that happens all the time."

"I never heard of another case."

"What! Did you never hear of an actress travelling over the country with half a dozen sticks? And some of them make at it, too."

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is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

<p

Music.

THE problem of cause and effect in piano playing, as variously understood by critics and artists throughout the country, continues to absorb the attention of teachers in a branch of study which represents the most popular and effective medium for musical culture among the people. Some authorities regard the quality of tone produced in an instrument as inseparable from the instrument itself, as, for instance, it would be a physical impossibility to produce the same quality of tone in an average stenciled piano as in a Steinway, Knabe, or Chickering grand. Then, again, the quality of tone aimed at by the makers of the three renowned instruments mentioned differs in many features which no artist could conceal. The important part played by the temperament of the individual performer in the production of what is understood by *quality* of tone seems to be lost sight of by many who are taking a leading part in the discussion of this subject. It may safely be said that no two pupils of the same master will produce the same quality of tone in their performances, notwithstanding that their technical training has been directed on identically similar lines. The fact that some pupils of the same teachers produce a hard, unusual tone whilst others are remarkable for the evident richness and singing quality effected by their touch, although there may be no material difference in flexibility or what the Germans aptly term *Fingerfertigkeit*, seems to indicate that the temperament of individual pupils plays a very important part in this most important sphere of their work. All the purely mechanical movements, upon which so many teachers absurdly base their theories concerning quality of tone, have a very indirect bearing upon the more spiritual side of effect in playing. Technique in this case would almost form the beginning and end of all musical study. As a means to an end, however, the value of a consistent and logical development of the various muscles called into use in playing the piano cannot be overestimated. Without a proper control of these muscles the results of the efforts of a performer, however well equipped by nature for musically artistic work, would of necessity be stiff and labored in all compositions of any great technical difficulty. Whether the functions of a technical training extend beyond imparting the ability to produce the best results in characteristic features of touch, such as staccato, legato, sostenuto, etc., is the question on which extremes on both sides are wasting considerable energy just at this time.

A few brief quotations from the most recent contributions by eminent writers on this subject will illustrate the pith of their arguments. Mr. H. A. Kelso, Jr., pianist, of the Chicago Conservatory, somewhat courageously expresses the opinions that, "Science will prove that if a blacksmith strike a piano key with a force of two pounds with the finger moving through its small arc at the rate of four feet per second, the same quality of tone will result should Rubinstein strike the same key with the same force and speed; and that the effect that a Paderewski produces in playing a phrase differs from that of another player partly from the difference in their physical nature, which would enable one to distribute the force with a greater number of delicate gradations: partly from the difference in their mental nature, which would cause the force to be distributed in such a manner as to best express their conceptions; and lastly from the difference in their emotional natures, which would be expressed in muscular activity indicating the intensity of the emotions." Mr. Kelso further asserts that all movements which are not natural and logical are pure mannerisms which cannot be ascribed to teaching based on philosophic principles. Mrs. W. H. Sherwood of Boston in a somewhat contradictory second article from her pen headed "Touch" Art or Mechanics, makes the following statement: "It is all in the way keys are touched whether they produce quality and tone, and the way they are touched depends upon the knowledge and musical feeling (the italics are mine) of the person who touches them. Mr. Woolf of Boston, on returning to the charge, claims that expression as applied to the piano is merely relative. Quality of tone cannot be influenced by touch. The quality of tone is that possessed by the individual piano and touch cannot change it. The piano is not capable of expression in the same way that the violin and human voice are capable. Quality in the piano may be influenced; the tone may be made loud or soft, and skilled fingers can vary the dynamic degrees astonishingly; but the quality is as fixed as that of a gong."

I have received from Mr. George H. Fairclough of Berlin, Germany, copies of two beautiful original *Lieder* recently issued from his pen and published by a leading German house. These two songs, namely, "With All My Heart" and "To Possess Thee," can be recommended to the favorable notice of all our singers. They are treated in a most musical and scholarly manner, and illustrate the undeniable progress made by Mr. Fairclough in his studies abroad. Both English and German texts are included, and the elegance of the engraver's work is characteristic of the eminent house which was entrusted with the execution of this part of the production.

Birmingham has been excited by the presentation of no less than three operas by Wagner in one season, an event which is described as unprecedented in the musical history of the town, and one which fully illustrates what an enthusiastic critic of that city designates "the most extraordinary revolution in artistic taste and development in Birmingham musical circles." The performances of Tannhauser are said to have attracted the largest audiences ever known to have been contained within the walls of the old theater of that city.

An exchange describes Mr. Walter Damrosch of New York after the following manner: "Walter Damrosch is the only one of the four orchestra conductors of the first rank in America who does not speak with a strong German accent. He is a much younger man than Thomas, Seidl or Paur, and he is a thorough-

She Didn't Admire It.



Mr. Sport—How do you like the view, Miss Bow?
Miss Bow (gazing at Mr. Sport's back)—I can't say that I like it very much, Mr. Sport.—*Judge.*

going American. Ambition glitters in his cold gray-blue eyes, and every feature of his remarkable face expresses determination and stubborn perseverance. No other American of thirty-two years has combined so much of social, financial and musical success, and his career has just begun, although he was the director of a strong choral society when he was nineteen, and conducted German opera at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York when he was twenty-two, and when German opera at the Metropolitan was at its prime. He is a shrewd financier, and has won the support of the society element, which knows little about music and cares less, but without which no great musical undertaking can succeed. Underneath this shrewdness and hardheadedness Mr. Damrosch is a genuine artist of the kind that develops slowly and wins great rewards by hard work." Mr. Damrosch, owing to his plans for a series of performances of German opera in New York during the coming season, is, musically, perhaps the most interesting figure upon the continent at the present time. Certain it is that in undertaking the production of the most complex and intricate works in all the realm of music he is subjecting himself to criticism and placing himself upon a pinnacle from which should he fall his discomfiture would be complete. His courage commands admiration and every impartial observer will wish him a measure of success commensurate with the greatness of his plans and their bearing upon the development of musical art in America on the broadest and loftiest lines.

In an interesting interview with the representative of a leading American musical journal, Mr. Damrosch expresses himself as follows upon the live problems now existing in the world of music: "My father was a stern overseer of my musical studies, ruthless with me at my negligence, but his face beamed all over in approval of conscientious work. Although catholicism in music was his distinguishing characteristic, and although as an orchestra conductor he made a great fight for Wagner, Berlioz, Liszt and other composers of his time, he kept me pretty close to Bach, Beethoven and Handel. The moderns, he said, 'will take care of themselves.' He believed also that with Wagner the dramatic art reached perfection, and could never be improved further. I believe so, too; that is, that the music drama can never be carried any further in the direction Wagner took it, but new combinations will be made, and music will surely advance yet further in some other direction." Mr. Damrosch's face lighted up and his gestures became quick and eager while expressing himself on grand opera, and he confessed that his greatest ambition lay in that direction. He expressed the opinion that opera is the field in which the American musician's honors and rewards are greatest. His statements concerning the destiny of this most progressive of musical art forms are an indication of his intelligence and foresight. He says: "Opera is just now in a state of revolution, but I think the outcome is plain and particularly well suited to the peculiar genius of the American people. It will soon become more subtle and refined. At present Mascagni's blood-and-thunder imitation of Wagner in some of his moods, although unquestionably clever, accentuates the least during part of Wagner—the climaxes, the more primitive and emotional phases. To me, as a professional musician, who must necessarily be a little in advance of the people, these parts of Wagner's music have become less thrilling and satisfying than the more subtle analytical part of his work. Leoncavallo and Massenet, too, are copying the most perishable part of Wagner. There is, however, a great future for Wagner's works here. The enthusiasm over the coming German opera season can leave me in no doubt of that."

The Opera School of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipzig, which was established some three or four years ago, appears to be in a most flourishing condition. Since its establishment performances of complete operas have been given from time to time with good success, only present students being allowed to participate as soloists, chorus or orchestra members. A recent public performance at the old theater, Leipzig, when sections of opera studied during the year were produced, called forth expressions of praise from local critics and correspondents of foreign journals. One act each from the following operas constituted the programme: Thomas' Mignon, Adams' Postillion de Longjumeau and Mozart's Figaro's Hochzeit. The correspondent of an English journal remarks upon the performance as follows: "The entertainment afforded fresh proof of the incapability of judging of song evinced by certain would-be critics who persist in asserting, firstly, that the renowned conservatory is one of the last legs, and secondly, that there are no efficient teachers of song in Leipzig."

The great success of the special Wagner concert given by the Seidl Society at Brighton Beach has encouraged the idea of arranging a three days' Wagner festival at that popular resort. This plan will necessitate a supplementary subscription of three thousand dollars in addition to the society's resources, which amount must be raised voluntarily among the

patrons of the excellent concerts now being given under Herr Seidl's direction. The proposed festival would not, of course, take on the proportions of the regular Bayreuth undertaking, but would nevertheless be very impressive if carried out. It is generally admitted that the expositions of Wagner's music at Brighton Beach under the auspices of the Seidl Society are the best ever given in this country, and it is felt that were the idea of an annual Wagner festival energetically developed and pushed the outcome of such a movement would be such as to give an impetus to the cause of music in America, and ultimately result in the establishment of Wagnerian performances not surpassed anywhere in the world.

An interesting and successful impromptu concert was given at Port Sandfield, Muskoka, last evening in honor of a visit that a popular resort of Sir John and Lady Thompson, Lieutenant Governor Kirkpatrick, Senator Saunderson, Mr. G. R. Cockburn, M.P., and ladies. The following artists took part in the programme: Mrs. Juliet d'Erville Smith, Miss Ronan, and Messrs. Fletcher, Rundle and Bert Kennedy, all of Toronto.

A Happy Death.
A negro living on Onion Creek came to Austin recently, and the following conversation occurred between him and a city friend: "How is Pete Jackson?" "He is done dead." "Yer don't tolle me so. How did hit come about?" "He died wild digestion ob de lungs, but surrounded wid de bes' wishes ob de hull neighborhood."

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August 18, 1894

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

11

Social and Personal.

Among the brilliant bevy who adorned the grand, stand at the race meet Saturday and Monday was the bride, Mrs. Will Hylop, who wore a pretty white gown of sateen and silk with a collar of white and cardinal and a most becoming picture hat of white with plumes.

Among the guests at the Athletic lawn party were: Professor Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks, Hon. J. B. Robinson, Capt. and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Haultain, Col. and Mrs. Graveley, Mrs. Greville-Harston, the Misses Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, the Misses Mackenzie, Mr. Grantham, Dr. Peters, the Misses Milligan, Drs. Lehmann and Thistle, Mr. and Mrs. George Wright, Mrs. Orr, and Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick.

A most enjoyable progressive euchre party took place at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe, on Monday evening last. On account of its being Toronto's Civic Holiday a larger number than usual of Toronto's best people were present. Mr. James Hawerson, Q.C., and Mrs. Frederick H. Cragg of Toronto were the ones to carry off the honors. The remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing, after which refreshments were served.

Miss Jessie Alexander is holidaying, studying and laying up treasures of quaint and characteristic recitals in the land of heather and the Emerald Isle. She is having what our neighbors call a lovely time, and Toronto will in due time reap benefit from the experiences of our winsome elocutionist.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. Victor Cawthra and Miss Perkins leave to-day for England. They will visit Buxton, Derbyshire, during their stay abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock are summering at Niagara-on-the-Lake. On their return they will be at their new pretty home on Beverley street.

Mr. Jack Carson of Owen Sound is spending his holidays with friends on Church street.

Miss E. Main Bennett of Prescott, daughter of Mr. H. W. Bennett of the Prescott *Messenger*, is at present visiting her cousin, Mrs. T. H. Hutchins, 108 Brunswick avenue.

Miss Birdie Mason of Victoria crescent is visiting friends in Barrie and Allandale.

Last week the most successful band concert of the season was given by the Queen's Own band at the Exhibition park. This being the first evening concert given there, the grounds, which are perhaps the prettiest and most suitable for such an event, were crowded and looked very encouraging for such future occasions. This afternoon another will be given by the Grenadiers, and the Parkdale Cricket Club will play a match and also give an Home after for the friends of the members.

Mr. Fred Tenney of Chicago spent Sunday with his parents on Sorrento avenue.

Miss E. May Martin is sketching at Lakefield and the region of Stony Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Whyte will be at home to their friends every first and last Friday after August at 113 Winchester street.

Miss Amy Jaffray of Berlin is the guest of Miss Phila MacLean, one of Toronto's brightest young ladies. Miss Jaffray, who has been studying under Mr. E. W. Schuch for the past two years, leaves for Chicago next month to continue her studies under Mr. Kawoski.

Mrs. Harry B. Somers, 155 Denison avenue, and Mrs. E. F. Stewart of the Arlington left last week for an extended trip to Stroudsburg, Pa., New York City, Albany, N. Y., and Ocean Grove, N. J.

Mr. Theo. S. Chatterton of the Bank of Toronto, Cobourg, is spending a few days at the Dihelma Camp, St. Catharines.

The Muskoka Lake Association regatta was held at Windermere on August 13. Among the events of the day was the sailing yacht race. Six yachts lined up at the start at twelve o'clock. The course was a triangular one of sixteen miles. Four yachts remained in the second round and three—Kyrie (Phillips and Millchamp), Syngamma (F. Warran), and Mischief (Morris)—in the last. Two cash prizes were awarded for first and second places respectively. The race between these three yachts was a most closely contested one throughout. The Kyrie led from the start, gaining fully five minutes on the last round, while the Syngamma followed nine minutes later but twenty seconds latitude on the Mischief. The programme was a most successful and enjoyable one, and was witnessed by nearly a thousand spectators. In the evening W. R. Meredith, Q. C., distributed the prizes. Then followed the dance.

At the service held at Sandy Point Camp, Lake Muskoka, which was conducted by Rev. Mr. Braden of Buffalo and Rev. Mr. Israel of Scranton, a collection was taken up in aid of the funds of the Children's Aid Society of Toronto, when eight dollars was contributed. This amount was handed to the secretary, who is at present a visitor at the camp.

Mrs. John J. Moylan of John street is visiting relatives and friends at Coteau Landing, Montreal and Quebec.

Miss Gorman of Front street has just returned from a week's pleasant outing at Mackinaw.

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Young of 80 Brunswick avenue gave a *rustique* at their beautiful summer home, Hazeldean, on Fairy Lake, Muskoka. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. John Agnew of this city, who are spending their honey moon in a trip among the beauties of Muskoka. The others who enjoyed the hospitality of Hazeldean were: Mr. and Mrs. Seath Robertson of 91 McCaul street; Mrs. Parker of St. Patrick street, and Miss Bunts of Hamilton, who are summering in the vicinity of Fairy Lake, and Mr. John Goullock, Mr. Walter

Goullock of 90 Grenville street and Mr. Fred Powell of Wellington street west, who are at present domiciled at Camp Aggravation, en route to Algonquin Park. The evening passed pleasantly until the wee a.m.'s hours, which, by the way, do not count in Muskoka, in country dances and music, while the feature of the evening was an old-time two-hand Scotch reel by Mr. Robertson and Mrs. Parker.

Miss Tottie Nicol of Cookstown is visiting friends in St. Catharines.

Miss Georgie Chapman of Chicago, Ill., is visiting Mrs. B. B. Lloyd of Markham street.

Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser is spending a few weeks on the Georgian Bay, replenishing his repertoire for the coming season.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams of St. Catharines are visiting Mrs. MacMahon on Gloucester street.

Miss Bunting returned from her visit to Miss Riordan at St. Kits on Tuesday.

Miss Adelaide Wadsworth has returned from Collingwood.

Capt. McGillivray, 48th Highlanders, spent Civic Holiday at his home near Collingwood.

Mrs. Fred and Mrs. Norman Walker are visiting in Collingwood with their mother, Mrs. Toby.

Mr. Harold C. Hervish, D.D.S., of Philadelphia, is visiting his parents in Parkdale.

Rev. Dr. Battisby of Chatham was in town on Wednesday with his little son and daughter.

Miss Lillian L. and Mr. T. L. Armon have returned to their home in Woodstock after spending a delightful holiday in Muskoka.

Major and Mrs. Leigh have gone to Penetanguishene to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Band and to camp at Georgian Bay afterwards.

Mr. and Mrs. Mumford are visiting Mrs. E. H. Duggan of Wilcox street.

Dr. Greenwood of Sutton has been appointed resident doctor for this year at the Home for Incurables.

Miss Tottie Coleman of St. George street has returned from California with Miss Ethel Rose of that place, who will be her guest for some time.

Mr. John Ross of 91 Denison avenue is visiting Brampton and other towns in Western Ontario on his bicycle.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee returned some time ago from Winnipeg, where she has made quite a visit, and is now with Mr. Lee and family at their summer residence at Balmy Beach.

Fishing at Strawberry Island

It is perhaps not generally known that in that section of Lake Simcoe lying about the Narrows leading into Lake Couchiching the shoal waters provide the best fishing anywhere adjacent to Toronto. As compared with the Georgian Bay the bass fishing does not take a second place. From Strawberry Island, which is eight miles from Orillia, the shoals extend in every direction and the peculiarity of the fishing there is that the last of August and the beginning of September is by far the best season. Last week Mr. William Lount, Q.C.,

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DANCING AT THE BALL.

Dancing at the ball, when life is young and sweet, Flitting here and there with lightly tripping feet; Kiddies' spirits mingle free from every care, Little girls, when they, with hearts as light as air, Merry twinkling, laughing, gay, so light and bright, And easily dressed in flowing robes of pure and spotless white;

Maidens, sweetly modest, with their cavaliers to call, And gaily guide them to the floor when dancing at the ball.

Chorus.

Told verse next Saturday. Kindly remember that Prof.

J. F. Davis, author and teacher of society and artistic stage

dancing, and President of the "Western Normal School of Masters of Dancing," is organizing his

class for dancing masters for the 35th and 36th seasons. Register any time at the Redfern Academy, 102 Wilton Avenue. (Church Street car.) Private lessons.

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A young man desirous of a fine appearance seeks an interview with a tailor and is shown different pieces of cloth, one of which has attracted his fancy, and without any more choice tells him how he feels when wearing his last suit. There was an indescribable feeling of a want of comfort, so much so that no care was taken of the garments which soon had the appearance of old clothes, and it made the wearer wish he had not patronized that particular merchant tailor.

Now my object has always been to turn out the very best of workmanship, and at all times am willing to let work from my place of business speak for me. When months have passed you can see that the general appearance of the garments is good, thereby telling you the work is well done and has even yet that fine finished look which hard usage cannot destroy. I can assure you, and thousands whom we have made clothes for will prove my sayings to be true, that you will be pleased to tell your friends of the comfort you have derived from the wearing of a suit made by us, and happiness in knowing you are so well clothed that you may appear in any society. In connection with a perfect fit you can find a very choice selection of the finest goods that can be bought in the European markets at

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Having the benefit of lake air's experience the manager is prepared to offer greater attractions than ever before and tourists can guarantee the comfort of all who may come to the Island. The fishing in the vicinity is excellent, and the bathing is unsurpassed and quite safe for children. The camping grounds are the finest and most convenient to be found in the vicinity. Camping parties can be supplied with outfit complete; fishing tackle and small boats to be procured right on the spot.

Families desiring furnished cottages for the season can be accommodated. One feature of the resort is the fine fruit and vegetables raised in our gardens on the Island and supplied to the hotel.

Our own line of steamers run daily from Orillia, connecting with trains to Toronto and other points.

For terms and all information apply to

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Or to— JOHN KENNEDY, Grand Central Hotel, Orillia.

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Connecting at Queenston with Chippewa, Cibola, and Chico; at Chippewa with Columbian for Buffalo, and at Niagara Falls, Ont., the station is but a minute's walk from the Grand Trunk depot.

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Perfect safety rests with those who buy a piano bearing the name "HEINTZMAN & CO."

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Social and Personal.

The following arrivals at Grimsby Park may be noted for the past week: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bengough of Toronto, Mr. Daniel W. B. Spry of Barrie, Miss Maud M. Young of Westville, N.J., Mr. John Pearson of Toronto, Rev. J. W. Rae of Acton, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Mills of Princeton, Mr. E. McMahon of Niagara Falls South, Miss Annie Martin, Miss George Woodland of Toronto, Mrs. E. J. Rowse of Ottawa, Miss A. E. Storm, Mrs. Pringle of Ottawa, Miss L. J. Worthington of Westville, N.J., Miss M. E. Luke of Oshawa, Mr. L. Gibson of Galt, Miss Norah Kerr of Woodstock, Mrs. D. Jones of Philadelphia, Mrs. Jas. Luke of Oshawa, Miss Minnie Wingrove of St. Catharines, Mr. D. C. Wallace of Brantford, Mr. T. H. Taylor of Oakville, Mrs. A. J. Blackwell of Toronto, Mr. A. E. Russ of Niagara Falls South, Miss Minnie Bowron of Toronto, Mrs. R. French of Burford, Miss Flossie Kerr, Miss Blackwell of Woodstock, Mr. Thomas H. Furlong of Simcoe, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Payne of Stratford, Mr. S. C. Gibson of Galt, Miss E. P. Robinson, Miss Maggie Young of Georgetown, Texas, Miss Ada Hazar of Hazelville, Mr. W. R. Jones of Philadelphia, Mrs. (Dr.) Hantsberger of Delhi, Rev. E. B. Stevenson and family of Louisville, Mrs. McNeil and daughters, Miss Hardy, Miss Carrie Wonder of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Warren of Georgetown, Mr. T. L. Moore of Hamilton, Mr. E. J. Bell of Glanford, Miss Annie Hanham of Wellandport, Misses May and Alma Freeman, Miss Clara Bessey, Mr. Claude Freeman of Burlington, Mr. C. W. Howard, Mr. F. D. Hagar of Hagersville, Misses Delta and A. Moran of Montreal, Mr. R. B. McGregor of Brantford, Mr. J. Marquis, Miss Marquis of St. Catharines, Mr. D. E. Millar, Miss Nellie Taylor of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Killier of St. Catharines, the Misses Booker, Bridgman, L. Lloyd, Ida Lloyd and Morin, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar H. Watkins of Hamilton, Miss Letta Potter of St. Catharines, Mr. E. Patterson of Georgetown, Texas, Mr. D. Richardson, Miss N. Richardson of Peterborough, Miss Willmot of Toronto, Miss Annie Roberts, Miss Kate Robbins, Mr. Sidney English of Burlington.

On Tuesday evening of last week the fine residence of one of Trenton's popular physicians, Dr. J. T. McKenzie, presented a most charming appearance. The beautiful gardens were illuminated by electricity and sweet strains of music pealed forth, and one could not help fancying oneself in fairy-land. Between sixty and seventy guests were present from Chicago, Rochester, Oswego, Listowel, Picton, Belleville, Campbellford, Brighton and Trenton. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Molson, Mr. and Mrs. Grass, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Ostrom, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Macklin; and Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn of Picton; Dr. and Mrs. Dulmage of Deseronto; Dr. and Mrs. Mohr, Miss Hawley and Miss Myers of Belleville; the Misses Evans, Miss Little, Miss Hope, Miss Codd, Miss Bywater, Miss Garrison, Miss Jeffs, Miss Whittier and Miss O'Connor of Oswego; Mrs. R. E. Bullock and Miss Bennett of Rochester; the Misses Garrett of Chicago; Miss Weiler of Brighton; Miss Field of Cobourg; Dr. Wade of Brighton; Dr. Harvey, Dr. Smith, Dr. Third, Mr. J. H. Diekey, Mr. D. J. Walker, Mr. W. K. Phillips, Mr. A. E. Bywater, Mr. Little, Mr. Garrett, Mr. H. C. Whittier, Mr. J. T. Grantbury, Mr. Bentley, Mr. Cooley, Mr. Bull, Mr. Napier, Mr. J. Arnott, Mr. A. Arnott, Mr. Foules of Campbellford; Mr. F. M. Field of Cobourg; Mr. C. Proctor of Brighton; Mr. Wannamaker of Brighton; Major Harrigan, Mr. G. Wilmet, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Toby of Picton, and Mr. Salwood of Listowel. This was one of the prettiest parties that have been given in Trenton, and it was not until the wee hours that the guests took leave of their genial host and hostess.

A very sad cloud was cast over Port Sandfield when it was reported that Mr. Charles Chaffe had received a telegram on Thursday, August 9, announcing the serious illness of his father in New Orleans. He and Mrs. Chaffe and their niece, Miss Edna Cockerham, arranged to embark on the Madora the following

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morning for Toronto en route to their distant home. Nearly all the guests in Sandfield assembled at the wharf to bid them farewell. As the boat was about to leave, another telegram arrived. All knew at once what it contained, for the warm-hearted Southerner was completely overcome with grief. Only a few were intimately acquainted with Mr. Chaffe and knew of his devotion to his father. They, indeed, had the tenderest sympathy for him in that moment, and many a tear was shed as the Madora glided out of view. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaffe were among the earliest arrivals at Sandfield and had intended remaining until October. They carry home with them only the sweetest memories of Muskoka. Miss Maggie Young of Georgetown, Texas, Miss Ada Hazar of Hazelville, Mr. W. R. Jones of Philadelphia, Mrs. (Dr.) Hantsberger of Delhi, Rev. E. B. Stevenson and family of Louisville, Mrs. McNeil and daughters, Miss Hardy, Miss Carrie Wonder of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Warren of Georgetown, Mr. T. L. Moore of Hamilton, Mr. E. J. Bell of Glanford, Miss Annie Hanham of Wellandport, Misses May and Alma Freeman, Miss Clara Bessey, Mr. Claude Freeman of Burlington, Mr. C. W. Howard, Mr. F. D. Hagar of Hagersville, Misses Delta and A. Moran of Montreal, Mr. R. B. McGregor of Brantford, Mr. J. Marquis, Miss Marquis of St. Catharines, Mr. D. E. Millar, Miss Nellie Taylor of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Killier of St. Catharines, the Misses Booker, Bridgman, L. Lloyd, Ida Lloyd and Morin, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar H. Watkins of Hamilton, Miss Letta Potter of St. Catharines, Mr. E. Patterson of Georgetown, Texas, Mr. D. Richardson, Miss N. Richardson of Peterborough, Miss Willmot of Toronto, Miss Annie Roberts, Miss Kate Robbins, Mr. Sidney English of Burlington.

Perhaps never in Toronto has a prettier garden scene delighted the lover of outdoor functions than was witnessed on Monday evening, when the Toronto Bicycle Club and their lady members and friends gathered on the velvet turf of the Athletic tennis lawns to see the graceful trick rider, Sid Black, show how many marvelous things can be done with a safety wheel. The lithe young cyclist wore a suit of wine-colored tights, with a perfect fitting plush jacket and black cycling shoes. He is a handsome, bright-looking fellow, and his daring and beautiful feats were a wonder to our best riders; in fact, the better the rider the more he appreciates such an exhibition. It is only the man who can barely make his way, or is evidently a member of the Wobblers' Club, who says, "Tricks on wheels are not interesting." The lady cyclists were one and all delighted with the trick riding, which was done on the asphalt tennis court, under the full glare of many electric lights. After the riding was over, the Grenadiers' Band played a few waltzes and polkas, and the light-footed men and maidens danced on the green, making a charming picture for the loungers on the terrace and the ladies' balcony. The white frocks and *tulle chapeaux* crowned with flowers or white plumes and the pretty faces of the ladies were well accompanied by the cool-looking cavaliers in white flannel or the neat knee breeches and jackets of the entertaining club. The advent of the Elsmere Bicycle Club, with a bevy of perfectly lovely girls, was an event which created much amusement. The distinctive idiosyncrasy of this club is the wearing of gray top-hats. It has always been held that the height of absurdity is a top-hat on a bicycle, but the Elsmere Club has proved superior even to tradition and only grows more dignified under railing and top-hats. Among the numbers who arrived in full regalia on Monday evening were: Messrs. George and Arthur Vankoughnet, Messrs. Carleton and Harry Davies, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp. After the *ad fresco* dance the prizes were distributed in the gymnasium by the president of the Athletic Club, Hon. J. Beverley Robson and Professor Goldwin Smith. Mr. Ed. Ryckman and Mr. Webster, president and vice-president of the Toronto Bicycle Club, assisting. Rounds of hearty applause greeted the prizes winners, President Robson and Professor Goldwin Smith were happily pointed and facetious and spoke in flattering terms, especially praising Hyslop, Harbottle and Crowe. The Torontos were proud of their season's young ones, Moore and Lyon, and of course much elated over winning the team trophy. After the presentations the young people had a dance in the gymnasium, which, by the way, was rather dimly lighted. It has been a source of vexation on both occasions when the beautiful Athletic has been in grand fete to have the south electric globes in the gymnasium refuse to shed any light on the scene; let us hope it will be brighter another time. Supper was daintily served in the dining room and one of the most charming summer func-



John Taylor & Company,
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TOKYO.

tions possible brought to an unwilling close at twelve o'clock.

The members of the Fifteen Club and friends spent a most enjoyable holiday at Grimsby Park on Monday last. On board the steamer Greyhound on the return trip an open air concert was given, consisting of college songs and glee, instrumental solos and a stump speech by rising orator of the club, which was heartily enjoyed by all on board.

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Miss Coghlan is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Lewis of Rowanwood.

Miss Armitage of Fergus is stopping with Miss Anna Anderson.

The engagement of Miss Howe and Mr. Byron Hostetter is announced.

The Misses Thomson have been stopping with Miss Chittenden at Riverside. They returned to Toronto on Tuesday.

Mrs. R. G. Dickson is visiting Mrs. Gordon at the Island, Toronto.

Mr. Norman Macrae and Mr. Robert Smellie were among the Torontonians who enjoyed a day's fishing here last Saturday.

Miss Fabian of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Henry Garrett.

Among a number of others who spent Toronto's Civic Holiday here were: Mr. Urquhart and Mr. Alec Colquhoun, Mr. Arthur Paffard, Mr. Ernest Ball, Mr. E. Lawder, Mr. Frank Russell, Mr. R. Galbraith, Mr. G. Fisher and Mr. Clarke.

It was a well pleased audience which filled the ball-room of the Queen's Royal last Thursday, when a most delightful concert was given for the benefit of the Industrial Rooms, Toronto. Those taking part were: Madam Marie Gramm, whose appearance was the signal for a flattering burst of applause, and whose beautiful voice, as usual, charmed her audience; Miss Mitchell of Baltimore, Miss Brown and Mr. Emil Gramm, whose violin solos will be remembered as one of the greatest musical treats of the season. A collection was taken up during the evening by Miss Halliday and Miss Anna Winnett, who presented dainty little pink-lined gypsy baskets, and whose charming faces and bright smiles tempted more than one generous donor to double the amount of his contribution.

Contrary to nearly everyone's expectations, the hop at the Queen's and that at Chautauqua were both remarkably well attended last Saturday. It was the general idea that in such a comparatively small place two balls held the same evening must result in the failure of one or the other, or the division of guests be so felt that neither would be a success. As a matter of fact the result was a capital attendance at each, and two ball-rooms just comfortably filled, and only space enough for a fairly good guide to take his partner triumphantly through the waltz and the two-step without a collision. At both places numbers wisely filled only the first half of their programmes, and later in the evening disappeared from one gay scene to reappear at the other.

Miss Howard, who has been for some weeks at Chautauqua, returned to Toronto on Monday.

Miss Evelyn Dore has been stopping with

The Mason & Risch Piano As an Investment!

ONE of the surest proofs of the relative popularity of various makes of pianos is the price commanded by them when sold second hand and in the auction room.

Judged by this standard the Mason & Risch Piano occupies an enviable position.

Only a few days ago an instrument of ours, which had been 13 years in use, was sold at auction at a figure very little less than its original price.

The moral is obvious. When buying a piano mingle prudence with taste and buy a Mason & Risch.

The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Ltd. 32 King Street West, Toronto

Mrs. Livingston Lansing. She returned to Buffalo on Saturday.

The Amateur Minstrels who so successfully entertained a very large and fashionable assemblage at the Queen's on Monday evening were an unusually jolly lot of fellows. Even their most intimate friends failed to recognize beneath the shiny black complexions, woolly wigs and grotesque costumes the following:

Mr. G. H. Thompson, Mr. B. C. Ross, Mr. A. Dalrymple, Mr. H. McCausland, Mr. F. D. Smith, Mr. F. Thompson, Mr. J. E. Brown and Mr. A. Arnold. In the center of the stage, and dividing the semi-circle of dusky-faced wits, Mr. J. W. Sherat occupied a crimson arm-chair and metaphorically "kept the ball rolling."

GALATEA.

MACDONNELL—LOCKHART—Aug. 14. Capt. Richard D. MacDonnell to Gertrude Amelia Lockhart.

RUTLEDGE—HORNING—Aug. 6. Albert E. Rutledge to Mrs. Horning.

POTTER—SAINDORF—Aug. 14. J. S. Potter to Nella Haderoff.

Deaths.

BALDWIN—Aug. 15. Norman McLeod Baldwin, aged 33.

MCGUIRE—Tisburb, Aug. 15. Bertha McGuire, aged 72.

LAWRENCE—George Hall, aged 65.

HALL—Aug. 15. George Hall, aged 65.

TINNING—Regina, Aug. 3. Grace Raz Tinning.

FORSTER—Aug. 8. John Forster, Jr., aged 29.

KINNEAR—Aug. 8 William Kinear, aged 75.

QUIGLEY—Aug. 9. Donald W. Quigley, aged 83.

PARKER—Aug. 11. Nellie Parker, aged 19.

PELKAR—Aug. 14. Nellie Peeler, aged 19.

THIRKELL—Aug. 14. Eiza Thirkell, aged 86.

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